Keep Your Card in This Pocket

The EDUCATION OF THE WHOLE MAN

by

L. P. JACKS

This book is a sequel to *The Inner Sentinel* which presents a background here connected with the practice of education

Publishers 1931

HARPER & BROTHERS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

THE EDUCATION OF THE WHOLE MAN
Made and Printed in the United States and

SECOND PRINTING

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I

DISGUISED IMPERATIVES

MUCH of my life has been spent in the study of philosophy—the many systems of thought, scientific, metaphysical, theological, social and political, offered in different ages and countries for the edification of man. But it was not till comparatively late in these studies that I made a discovery, which had been made before, but which, like discoveries in other fields, never impressed me as it ought until I made it for myself. Made in that way it came to me with the force of a revelation, and compelled me to *rethink* the meaning of all that I had learnt from my teachers. It was, in fact, a kind of "Copernican revolution" in my mental history. And with it there awoke within me a strong desire for a new spirit in education, as the reader, when I have explained the matter, will readily understand.

I discovered that systems of philosophy were not what I first thought they were, and some of them actually pretended to be. I thought at first that they were all intended to impart information about the world I was living in, or about myself and my fellow-men as inhabitants of it—to give what we call "a view of the Universe," or a mind-picture of

"reality," and of course a correct one, since all of them profess to be true. Knowledge, thought I, is the stock-in-trade of them all, and knowledge conceived as *information* about one thing or another—about nature, about myself or even about God. And since the greater part of this information came to me through the medium of books, or from school and college instruction, mostly bookish, I somehow got it into my head that nothing was knowledge unless it either was, or could be, put into a book or into a verbal discourse. At all events I fell into a habit of attaching much greater importance to the knowledge got out of books and made into a subject of "examination" than to the knowledge which came to me in other ways, for example, by the light of nature. For me nothing was science, nothing was history, nothing was philosophy, nothing even was religion without a book, or at least (in the case of religion) a sermon, to round it off and make it true. It must be book-digested first. My knowledge, or what I counted such, was all book-say, lecture-say, sermon-say and hear-say in general.

All this, I must admit, was rather foolish, but the reason of it was due, I think, quite as much to the system under which I had been educated as to my own stupidity, though this last, no doubt, had something to do with it.

But as I examined these book systems more closely I came to see that there was more in them than I had supposed; something hidden, something that only came to light when you had read the last

chapter and sat down quietly to ask yourself, "What does it all *mean*?" Then it was that it flashed upon me with the force of a revelation that all philosophies and sciences, without exception—both those I agreed with and those I disagreed with—were *injunctions to live in a particular way and avoid living in other ways.* They all came to their spear-point, so to speak, in some kind of *injunction.* They were all disguised imperatives. Behind the information was the *command*, which took the form "Live in this way and avoid living in that." Commands disguised as information.

Then it occurred to me to ask—What if all knowledge, even that which comes to me by the light of nature, as well as what I get out of books, should turn out to be of the same kind? What if an imperative, an injunction to live in *this* way and not in *that*, lurk within the whole of it? What, for example, if the brave spectacle that confronts me when I look up to the starry heavens should be the hiding-place of a command, a way the Universe has of bidding me, without the aid of any book, "Be *this;* don't be *that*"—and I remembered how Kant in one of the books I had been studying comes precious near to saying that very thing, and Wordsworth, too, in a poem which I had learnt by heart but without understanding.[1] That, I thought, would be interesting. And gradually I became convinced that it was so—that everything in the Universe that is orderly and majestic, strong and steadfast, beauti-

[1] "Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong."—*Ode to Duty.*

ful and of good report was a model, a pattern, an example, challenging my imitation and warning me not to play the fool.

> "Ah, once more, I cried, ye stars, ye waters
> On my heart your mighty charm renew,
> Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
> Feel myself becoming vast, like you!" [1]

If I remember rightly, my "Copernican revolution" got started when I was considering the words inscribed over the Delphic Oracle—*Know thyself.* I had read a good deal about this in books, and heard a good deal from my professors, but they had all treated the words as a piece of interesting information, without calling my attention to the short, sharp, peremptory, high-handed way in which the information is offered. They had treated the saying as though it were mildly indicative, as thus: "Unless you know yourself there will be a gap in your philosophy and you will probably fail to get 'honours' at the forthcoming examination,"[2] overlooking the highly significant fact that the form of it is *not* indicative but imperative—"Know thyself!"

I can well remember the illuminating shock I received when this aspect of the matter first dawned upon me. "Here," I said to myself, "is some fellow *ordering me about*," and it seemed as though I could hear him, after giving the order "to know myself," adding in an undertone, "and be damned if you don't"—or, as Carlyle said about "accepting

[1] Matthew Arnold, *Self-Dependence.*

[2] Even here a disguised imperative may be detected.

the Universe," in language more suitable for addressing a lady, "Gad, ma'am, you'd better!" And there came into my mind the story of the Scottish preacher who, in the course of explaining to his flock the procedure on the Day of Judgment, represented the Almighty as silencing the plea of the goats—"We did no ken"—by the sharp retort, "Aweel, ye ken noo! Awa' with ye to the brimstone!"

Since then I have never read a book on philosophy, science, logic, ethics or theology, I have never heard even the mildest of sermons without detecting behind it "some fellow ordering me about," as we say, addressing me in veiled imperatives and bidding me look out for myself if I don't obey them. The word "persuasion" no longer misled me. I perceived that persuasion is a kind of *force* or *pressure*, which bad angels can make use of as well as good; and that in substituting persuasion for force we should not abolish war but only change the form of it, and not necessarily for the better. This was confirmed later on during the Great War, when I observed that the belligerents on both sides freely made use of persuasion (under the name of "propaganda") along with high explosives and poison gas for breaking down the enemy's resistance. Had the war been conducted with no other weapon its results would still have been terrible. For most of the propaganda was false.

Sometimes the disguise is so thin as to be almost transparent. In ethics, for example, the air some writers assume of being "impartial and disinter-

ested" students of moral facts is an obvious pretence, the "explanations" they offer having neither point nor meaning except as backed by the injunction to act in the light which the explanations afford, and never more clearly so than when they reduce the moral ideal to moonshine, as certain of them do. In logic, the command to think truly, and avoid thinking falsely, runs between the lines of the entire exposition, which would be as meaningless, if addressed to beings indifferent to truth and falsehood, as ethics would be if addressed to beings without moral judgment.

In other sciences the disguise is thicker, and a good deal of stripping off has sometimes to be done before the imperative core is reached. But strip off sufficiently and you come to it at last. Not a science can be named but turns out in the last analysis to be a specialized form of the general injunction of logic, to think truly of the matter in hand, and of the general injunction of ethics, to act rightly in dealing with it—again meaningless except as addressed to beings conscious of an obligation to follow truth and avoid error. Even the multiplication table is no exception. Veiled within the information that 7 times 9 are 63 lies the injunction to *make* them 63 when you are adding up your accounts and sending in a bill for your goods, or look out for yourself in the alternative. "Gad, ma'am, you'd better" is written over it all.

With this key in hand I fell into the habit of asking myself, at the end of every system I was study-

ing, "What does this system order me to do; how does it enjoin me to live?" I found invariably that it ordered me to do something more or less definite; to live in one way and avoid living in another. In studying the philosophy of Buddhism, for example, I found that it ordered me to live as though the world of the senses were an illusion—an order very difficult to obey. When I turned to the philosophy of Omar Khayyám the order took the opposite form —to live as though the world of the senses were the only real one, the rest being all moonshine or worse —a command even more difficult than the other. "Take the cash," it says—observe the imperative form—"and let the credit go." Not so easy as it sounds. Omar, indeed, becomes quite wearisome with his constant battery of imperatives; the fellow is ordering you about in almost every verse. "Wake!" is the first word in the poem; "turn down an empty glass!" is the last, and between the order to wake and the order to turn down, there are so many others that we become like bewildered slaves who know not which order to obey first. The way Omar orders you about is quite intolerable.

There are systems of thought which seem irrefragable enough until they are tested by the final question—"What does this system order me to do?" Then it is that not a few of them break down. Both Buddhism and Omarism order us to do things that are impossible: the one to live as though the world of the senses were an illusion, the other as

though nothing else were real. None of us can live in either way.

Many other illustrations could be given, but I pass on to one which has a particular interest at the present day.

I observe that when we are bidden to live in accordance with the teachings of science, as we so frequently are, it is always some particular science to which the "fellow who is ordering us about" refers. To live in accordance with science as a whole would mean that we are guiding our lives by the sum total of human knowledge, which nobody possesses or is skilful enough to apply to his life's guidance, even if he did possess it. It is always therefore some particular type of science that we are commanded to follow. Sometimes it is psychology, which has become very popular nowadays (to the undoing of many), physiology or hygiene or dietetics, or biology or economics or sociology. All these sciences you will observe have to do with man and with man's affairs. They are human sciences. So the order to live in accordance with science came to this—live in accord with that sort of science which has to do with man and man's affairs. "The proper study of mankind is man." Observe the veiled imperative in "proper"—the "Gad, ma'am, you'd better!"

But one science has recently come into great prominence, I might almost say portentous prominence, which at first sight has nothing whatever to do with man or his affairs, but seems rather to re-

duce him to complete insignificance. I mean of course the science of astronomy.

I shall not attempt to describe those revelations of the inconceivable immensities of the Universe in space and time with which the work of recent astronomers is astounding us. The facts are so stupendous that human eloquence when confronted by them is not only impotent but ridiculous. Leaving all that aside let us ask, rather, whether this science resembles the others in having a command up its sleeve. Or does it differ from all the rest in having none? Is it pure information untranslatable into any order, into any injunction, bidding us live in this way rather than that? Auguste Comte, the founder of the worship of humanity, advised his followers to avoid the study of astronomy. He did so on the ground that no useful command could be extracted from it as to the way men should govern their lives. Man and his affairs were to be regulated by other sciences, and there were plenty of them for the purpose.

I think he was mistaken. If you listen attentively to the revelations of the astronomer you will find in them something more than mere information. You will detect a voice, a still small voice perhaps, speaking quite distinctly, though not loudly, in the tones of command. "Beware," the voice is saying, "of exaggerating your own importance. Beware of treating the Universe as though it existed merely to be exploited to your advantage. Remember this; never forget it; and when you become too much absorbed

in your own affairs, take a look at Orion, 'driving his hunting dogs over the zenith,' or behold Andromeda, shaking out her tresses over the immensities of space—and think! Is not the whole Universe alive with the struggle of Order against Chaos? Take your side then, or look out for yourself."

What is the conclusion to be drawn from these examples and from many others of like nature that could easily be collected? What is the interpretation to be placed upon them? I can answer only for myself, but the answer will explain why this discourse on imperatives forms the preface to a book on Education. It will explain the philosophy, if I may use so august a word, which lies in the background of whatever the reader may find in these essays and addresses. That philosophy is somewhat as follows.

"The ultimate nature of reality" (rightly regarded, I think, as an object of the philosophic quest) is disclosed to us rather by our intuitions of *what ought to be* than by our perceptions of *what is*; or, to speak more exactly, our perceptions of what is introduce us to reality only so far as they are interpreted by our intuitions of what ought to be. Our perceptions of the world about us, *taken by themselves*, are wholly misleading, and not less but more when science has "explained" and systematized them, than they were before. In their unexplained and unsystematized condition they mislead one by one; when explained and systematized they mislead collectively and perhaps more effectively for that very reason. Taken by themselves they are

disguises, the mere clothes, one might say, of Reality, but not the substance. The substance is disclosed by our intuitions of what *ought* to be. Except as interpreted by the intuitions they conceal, our perceptions are quite meaningless, gibbering phantoms, which science, by systematizing, only succeeds in transforming from a crowd into a regiment, from a chaotic fiction to an orderly one—insignificant on those terms, "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," but highly significant when interpreted by the intuition aforesaid. These perceptions of ours, summarized as the perception of an external world, all come up for judgment, for valuation, as true or false, as good or evil, as right or wrong, as what ought to be or what ought not to be, and until so judged or valued, we have no concern with them, no interest in them, and they might as well not be at all.

This is only another way of saying that the ultimate nature of reality is "imperative." Reality is that which claims to be obeyed, followed, enacted. It speaks in the imperative mood and is mistranslated by all statements which lapse into the indicative—by all statements of what merely *is*. *Im Anfang war die That*—not "light *is*," but "*let light be*." The command came first: the fact followed. Intuition represents the command, perception the fact. Our interpretation of reality must follow that order, or we shall miss the way.

Take any definition of reality that occurs and you will find that the definition has its *meaning* in

the command that issues from it. Suppose we say that reality is material. Then adjust your life accordingly! If reality is material all reasonable beings are put under obligation to live as though it were so, and to avoid living as though it were anything else. All modes of life, all standards of judgment, based on the belief that reality is *not* material and now false, are things that *ought not* to be and have no right to be, and you are under orders to take up arms against them. Think not that obligations are only for those who say that reality is spiritual, and that you will escape from them by defining it as material. *You will incur obligations of another kind* and perhaps find, on trial, that you have got out of the frying-pan into the fire. In either case reality is *urgent*, and you take your choice between the two kinds of urgency. All systems of philosophy, all interpretations of the ultimate nature of things turn out in the last analysis to be systems of competing obligations, imperatives in conflict, though often in disguise, those being the most formidable, I think, which take an anti-moralist turn. All bear witness that the ultimate nature of reality is imperative.

Such is the "Copernican revolution" which began, in my own case, when I was suddenly roused from the slumber into which books, professors and the necessity of passing examinations had cast me, by the short and sharp command over the portals of the Delphic Oracle "Know thyself." It dawned upon me, as I have said before, that I was living in

a peremptory Universe, a Universe that would stand no nonsense from me or from anybody, that I was under orders to play the man and not the fool, which orders I should certainly be damned for disobeying. At a stroke, the centre of gravity of what I am pleased to call my philosophy was transferred from the perception of what is to the intuition of what ought to be.

At the same time my conception of "what ought to be" was greatly enlarged. I saw that the Moral Law, or categorical imperative, was not aimed, as I had previously thought, at wrong-doers exclusively but was equally severe on *false thinkers* and just as stern in the prohibition of nonsense as in the prohibition of crime. From that point onwards my interest in "reality" as something to be argued about (the only interest I had had up to that point) greatly diminished and my interest in reality as something to be obeyed greatly increased.

For a time, I must confess, this "Copernican revolution," this change in the centre of gravity, gave a certain austerity to my outlook, and perhaps made me something of a prig or moral snob, a detestable quality which I am still afraid of, and sometimes lapse into unawares. But, after perceiving that I was under orders to make incessant war upon everything that had no right to be, either because it was false or because it was evil, I began to observe that the commanding voice, which at first had spoken so sternly about the True and the Good, changed its tone, broke into song as it were, about a

sister-value named the Beautiful. At that my spirits rose and a radiance fell on the grim features of the moral landscape. It was as though I had been marching with my fellow-soldiers on a long and dusty road, burdened with heavy equipment and with nothing to cheer me at the end of the day, when suddenly the band struck up the Marseillaise, turning my weary lot, as if by magic, into a glorious vocation, which I would not have exchanged for the softest job in the world. From that moment "my taskmaster's eye" changed its expression, lost its dreadful glare, and the austerity of my outlook began to diminish. I shall have something to say about Beauty in this book. As an antidote to the major vices of blackguardism and the minor ones of priggishness and moral snobbery, there is nothing to compare with the touch of Beauty.

And now the reader will be asking, "What has all this to do with 'education'?" The answer is simple. In this book education will be regarded as the summary imperative addressed by the Universe to our generation, which it must either obey or be damned for disobeying. It is no theory of education that I have to expound in these pages; or, if a theory, a meaningless one save as embodying a peremptory command (of which reality, and not I, is the author) to carry it out. In education, as a mere theme for argument, I am not interested, my experience being that great causes suffer more from excess of argument than from defect of it, becoming utterly lost, debated to death, when the spirit of

contentiousness takes possession of them. Education, as we have here to do with it, is an *obligation* imposed by the nature of things on civilization in its totality; a *mission* in which every man or woman who knows the difference between true and false, between what has a right to be and what has not, is called to be a minister, teacher and learner both in one. The command to "know thyself" will here be taken to mean "Know thyself as in need of education," and, by a simple deduction, "Know all other men as needing it no less." Act accordingly. All the imperatives, commands, injunctions, disguised or undisguised, implied or expressed by the philosophies and the sciences, come to a head in *that*.

II

EDUCATION AS THE KEY INDUSTRY OF CIVILIZATION

"He stood listening outside a school to the dull hum of education."—JOHN GALSWORTHY, *A Modern Comedy*.

THROUGHOUT this book education will be regarded as essentially a social enterprise, demanding for its due achievement a general mobilization of the energy, intelligence, idealism and courage of the entire community. Such a mobilization for another purpose was witnessed, not only in this country, but in others both friendly and hostile during the Great War, and proved thereby to be an achievement possible to modern societies, when the call of necessity demands it. The call of necessity demands it now, and the fate of civilization depends on the demand being met, more obviously so, to those who read the signs of the times, than in 1914, when civilization was menaced in another way.

Education is the long-sought "moral equivalent for war." In the prosecution of it the first requirement is general mobilization, in which all classes in the community contribute their quota of officers and privates, the full quota including every citizen who

is able-minded and able-bodied—the two things are inseparable—from "duke's son to cook's son." Employers and employed, industrialists and professional men, artists and bookwriters, clergy and laity, all these must enlist or be enlisted. Even politicians must change their habit of staying at home and making speeches while the others fight, and join the colours. The strategy, the courage, the skill which, hitherto, have found expression in martial exploits are now demanded for a new warfare, not less difficult and not less dangerous than the old, in which all men and all women are soldiers—the warfare against ignorance and incompetence, the two chief enemies of mankind.

Socialism has failed, and is destined to fail, by concentrating attention on socializing the "means of production"—land, capital, machinery and suchlike—while ignoring the fact that the grand "means of production," without whose co-operation the others are worthless, is the soul-animated body of a human being—the "psychosome" as some would call it. So long as *his* socialization is neglected, the socialization of all the rest is nothing to the purpose. "Equality of opportunity," "equality of income," "equality" of what you like, is compatible with the complete desocialization of human beings and, taken by itself, is more likely to result in *that* than in the opposite. The socialization of *man*—the only Socialism worth contending about, and infinitely worth contending *for*, is the task of education. To achieve it, education must be delivered from its

present bondage to pedantic fetters, and taken up as a social enterprise with the whole strength of society at its back. Short of this nothing can save our civilization from internal disruption and final ruin. Sixty years ago Matthew Arnold, alarmed by the spread of political claptrap, said as much in *Culture and Anarchy*. His horoscope is hastening to its fulfilment, but his words have not been heeded.

Hitherto the great States of the world have been, in the ground work of their structure, war-making institutions; even the United States, with their programme for a great fighting navy, are no exception. Direct attempts to abolish their war-making structure *without the provision of an equivalent* are certain to fail of their purpose. Unattended by an equivalent, they will deprive the community of unifying aim; social convulsions will follow, and the nations, disintegrated into factions, will take to civil war instead of foreign, the cessation of external strife only serving to intensify the strife within.

The regeneration of man by an education adapted to his whole nature is the equivalent in question. Like war, it must be conducted as the enterprise of the whole community, based, as I have said, on a general mobilization of all available forces—industry, literature, art and religion—combining to back the regular army of professional teachers, the glorious "old contemptibles" of education. No class, no individual must regard himself as there merely to be operated upon by the professional educator, but as there also to serve the cause by an active con-

tribution to its fortunes. He must be learner and teacher in one: a learner at points where he is weak and ignorant, and a teacher where he is strong and wise. And so with the community as a whole. It must be self-educated as well as self-governed. How otherwise can it be self-governed, or democracy be other than a farce?

Hitherto we have regarded education as a specialized function performed by an expert class of schoolmasters and professors on a passive multitude waiting to be educated, children or adults, who appear in the picture as so much raw material for the expert to operate on and mould according to a programme imposed from above. This is not wholly true even where children alone are in question. But it needs to be modified when the question arises of educating the whole man, the whole woman, and becomes progressively inadequate as we approach the conception of the self-education of a self-governing community. In this we are all to be active partners and co-operators, passive as learners at one moment only that we may become active as teachers at others.

We have been using the right telescope but looking through the wrong end of it. We have taken the education of the young as the type and norm of what education means, treating the whole enterprise as a mere extension of the methods appropriate to school and college. I propose in this book to begin from the other end. Instead of taking school and college as the fixed type which all education must imitate or extend, we shall be asking

rather what changes are needed in school and college in order to bring their activities into line with social education. In this perspective the social meaning of education will be dominant and the academical meaning subordinate, thus reversing the relations in which the two meanings now stand.

The conversion of war-making into man-making will never be complete until education becomes the central concern of every civilized State and the ground of co-operation for the League of Nations. Innumerable attempts at man-making, under the general name of social reform, are to be seen in all democratic countries; but so far their operation has been limited, and often defeated, by the need for maintaining the essential structure of the State as an instrument of warlike defence or attack. As things now are no State can afford to develop the manhood of its citizens on lines which unfit them to play the part of warriors, should the need arise, nor womanhood on lines which disqualify woman as the warrior's mate. Indeed, so long as an equivalent for war is not forthcoming, Sigurd and Brynhild are probably the highest types our civilization is capable of producing. They are acknowledged as such, and cultivated, under other names, even by those who profess to condemn them. Though "the low-conditioned multitudes" of our populous cities are far from attaining the type, they are capable of rising to it even now, when called upon to fight for their country's life.

No greater calamity could befall the world than

the abolition of war prior to the discovery of its equivalent. Universal disorganization would follow, and human demoralization, already advanced, would rush to its limit. Have we not seen an instance of this in the demoralization which followed the Great War, when millions of men and women, suddenly released from the challenge which tested their willingness to die, or to suffer the bitterness of death, found themselves flung back into a world which offered them nothing worth dying for, and therefore nothing worth living for either—a world with no higher ideal than *panem et circenses*, where the Brynhilds relapsed into smart women, the Sigurds into speech-making politicians, the rank-and-file into trade unionists or became unemployed and accepted the dole?

What else could they do in a world where the heroic stuff of human nature, always hungry for employment, had been suddenly deprived of a vocation and left without an equivalent? For, as I have elsewhere and often insisted, a world fit for heroes to live in is a world which offers its heroes something heroic *to do*, summoning the people *en masse* to its prosecution, as the Great War did, and as the "peace" did *not*. We talked indeed of "reconstruction," but when it turned out that "reconstruction" had nothing higher in view than universal comfort, and that most of it consisted in speech-making, we began to ask ourselves whether it was really worth while and, finding it was not, the heroic element went to sleep, and we relapsed

into our old habits of making money, quarrelling with one another, jazz-dancing and playing the fool. After all, the "test of a sound social system" is not the provision of "adequate maintenance and ample leisure," but its capacity to afford continuous employment to the heroic element in human nature, summoning the citizens *en masse* to a common enterprise for which they must be willing to die as well as to live. Short of that the "maintenance" provided will nourish fellaheen, and the "ample leisure" will be the leisure of fools. No politics are "practical" when this is forgotten.

In naming education as the field where an equivalent for war is awaiting our generation, I am not thinking of the limited, short-dated enterprise to the "dull hum" of which Mr. Galsworthy's hero listened as "he stood outside a school." I am thinking of education as the central business of the entire community to which every citizen makes his contribution, and in which he plays the double part of teacher and learner, just as in his political character he plays the double part of governing and being governed. Until self-government is backed by self-education, in that sense, democracy will remain an incomplete and dangerous experiment.

In this wider conception the "hum" of Mr. Galsworthy's school is not abolished, though perhaps its dullness may be. We need to expand our vision from the idea of education as an episodic process conducted by professional drudges, whose dull humming goes on inside the walls of a school or a

college, into the idea of it as the great romance, the summary adventure of our age, the central concern of every citizen, life-long in its duration, universal in its scope, addressed throughout to the making of whole men, and having nothing less for its object than to convert the totality of knowledge into human skill, and bring it to bear on the pursuit of excellence in every department of social activity. In this larger conception education becomes, as it now is for the best workers in that profession, a vocation for all that is deepest in philosophy, most daring in idealism, and most resolute in self-devotion. It is only as so transformed, from the academic to the social conception of it, that education can be offered as the equivalent for war—a thing worth dying for and therefore worth living for. Under that transformation the work of the professional teacher becomes a link in a chain binding our schools and colleges with all the work and the play that go on in the world. The schools of the future will hum with a vigour that has never been heard in the old. But the hum will no longer be "dull."

I plead, then, for an all-round alliance between education and all that is vital in social activity—with labour in all its occupations, with leisure in all its desires.

In a sense this alliance is no new thing in the history of education. It is an important truth, which the opponents of vocational training often overlook, that our existing system had an intensely vocational origin. It was designed, consciously and deliberately,

for the purpose of fitting the men who received it (women being then out of the picture) for the vocations deemed most important in the existing social life, of which the Church was the chief. To this source the entire system of modern education can be clearly traced, from the Primary Schools with their compulsory three R's, to the Universities with their optional "honours" courses. In spite of the endless modifications that have taken place, the system, in the grand outlines of it, still remains true to its original type—a system adapted to the vocational needs of a society which existed once but exists no more. The consequence is that no small part of what is now practised as education—I have heard the proportion placed as high as four-fifths—takes the form of a culture imposed from above on a social life to which it no longer corresponds, and is largely wasted for that reason. It led to something once, in the days of its aristocratic origin, but leads now either to nothing at all or to something widely different from the first intention, and not always desirable.

To vocational training conceived as a preparation for making money I give no countenance; but an urgent plea will be advanced for another kind of it—that namely which fits the whole man for his grand vocation as a member of society and a citizen of the world. And this demands an education beyond, though including, the acquisition of book knowledge; beyond, though including, the culture defined by Matthew Arnold as "getting to know the

best that has been thought and said" and here denominated as "book-say and hear-say."

The grand defect of existing methods is that the greater part of our educational practice, from the Primary Schools to the Universities, perhaps four-fifths of it, stops short at the "book-say and hear-say" stage, and is, for that reason, as water poured out on the sand—wasted effort, and wasted for want of correlation with social need, the survival of a correlation which existed once but exists no more. Over against this grand defect I would set a type of training which aims at the acquisition of *skill*, in one or other of its socially valuable forms, which are innumerable, contending that knowledge of any kind which fails to eventuate in skill is at best half-grown, and because half-grown an actual danger, a source of cant, claptrap, insincerity and shallowness, more likely to disqualify than to qualify the possessor of it as a member of society and a citizen of the world.

To enable him to play that part it is before all else necessary that the ideal of the skilful workman, a thing of infinite variety, should displace the ideal of "the able critic of life" as the governing aim in education—a lesson hard to learn in a generation which has become smothered in "criticism of life" but is rapidly losing the use of its hands.

And in all this it must be steadfastly kept in mind that the value of the individual to society is not the only object at stake. His value *to himself* is at stake no less. Whatever else we may owe to machinery,

and this book will not seek to minimize the debt, there is one commodity of infinite value that will remain to the end of time a home-made product—the happiness of individual human beings. Short of skilful performance in the human vocation no happiness is possible for anybody, not even to the "able critic of life." No vainer dream has ever haunted the imagination of man than the dream which haunts so many in these days—the mass production of happiness by means of social machinery or majority voting. Along that road lies human misery; it has led us far in that direction already, and the power it still has is proof conclusive, even if none else were forthcoming, that something has gone wrong with our system of education.

The training of the whole man in the skilful achievement of excellence within the bounds of a socially valuable vocation—such is the general formula of education when viewed in the social perspective, the formula which this book will endeavour to make good. Much emphasis will be laid on the *whole man.* To achieve his education in the wholeness of his personality, the conception of man as a patchwork partnership of mind and body, in which the mind alone, as the celestial partner, falls within the province of education, while the body, as the terrestrial, is left to hygienists and medical practitioners—an evil inheritance from the past which still dominates our educational methods and which dabblings in psychology serve to perpetuate —will have to be abandoned. In place of it our

plans must be laid for a vigorous co-education of mind and body regarded as an inseparable unity in every stage of their development.

The transformation of knowledge into skill, short of which knowledge is half-grown and education incomplete, cannot be effected unless the co-operation of the body is secured at every point. Next in order of vanity to the vain dream just spoken of is the attempt to graft an A1 culture of the mind (or of character) on a C3 culture of the body, or, as a foreign critic of Oxford once expressed it from another angle of vision, "to train the minds of young men in your lecture-rooms as though you meant them to become clergymen and to train their bodies in the football field as though you meant them to become policemen." The two types of culture must march together if either is to march to a good end.

There is one type of English education which illustrates in a remarkable manner both the new conception for which I plead and the old conception from which I would break away. I allude to our great Public Schools. I attribute their vitality—never so great as now—to the fact that they have steadily kept "the whole man" in view as their ultimate objective. They know what they are aiming at. The "whole man" means for them the English gentleman, and it would be hard to find a better meaning for the term. Nor can it be said of them that the "gentleman" they produce is a type appropriate to a bygone age, but an anachronism or

a snob when placed in the context of the modern world. Readers of Dr. Cyril Norwood's admirable book, *The English Tradition in Education*, will have perceived that the type of gentleman which the best minds in our Public Schols keep in view is appropriate not to the fortunate classes alone but to the whole manhood of the nation, a little too strongly flavoured perhaps with Anglican Modernism, and with its athletic culture too widely divorced from its spiritual aims, but true in essentials to the social needs of the time, and foreshadowing, though not yet achieving, a genuine co-education of mind and body. Most strongly do I sympathize with what I understand to be the central aim of Dr. Norwood's book—to concentrate our national education, in all its stages and departments, on the training of an all-round man, who shall be, in the groundwork of him at least, what we mean by an English gentleman—and find his mate, let us hope, in an English gentlewoman of like nurture.

But even if this estimate of Dr. Norwood's ideal be disallowed, and the type he exhibits disapproved, there can be no doubt that our Public Schools, in aiming at a human type at all, are strong precisely at the point where education elsewhere, except in our older Universities, is weak and, indeed, weakest. Our Primary and Secondary Schools have never answered the question—What types of man or woman does society need?—but have contented themselves with the general "diffusion of knowledge," irrespective of the fitness of the re-

cipient for the knowledge diffused. The Public Schools have answered the question—rightly or wrongly as the case may be. Hence their vitality.

When hovewer we turn from this dominating ideal to the academical side of the Public Schools we are confronted with a patchwork of "subjects" which turn out, when examined one by one, to be mostly an inheritance from the vocational needs of gentlemen in ages long past, and which, to-day, correspond but imperfectly to the needs even of gentlemen. As factors in education they were once correlated with, and bore directly on, the life which gentlemen were then destined to live. If, for example, we study the *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, which contains a very full account of his training, we can see that none of it was thrown away, that all of it bore fruit, some of it in the fighting of his duels. This correlation has now been lost. The old curriculum has become a miscellaneous tyranny of "subject," in which the culture of the body has parted company with the culture of the mind, and the "subjects" themselves are not only at cross-purposes with one another, but out of relation to the human types which the age requires. On this side—the academic side—the English tradition in education, which leads us rightly in its steady pursuit of a human aim, is leading us wrongly. Transplanted into our Primary, Secondary and Adult Schools, and watered down to the capacities of those attending them, much of it is wasted. It becomes "a

culture imposed from above," a foreign thing, confused and pointless, without natural root in the lives of the people, and the fruit it bears—if it bear any at all—is as often evil as good.

It has become an axiom with educationists, almost a popular one, that the sole and sufficient remedy for the dangers inherent in democracy lies in the diffusion of knowledge. Even Dr. Norwood, in spite of his strong lead in another direction, gives the axiom support. In this book it will be questioned. We have assumed too readily that the extension of the franchise on the one hand and the diffusion of knowledge on the other would somehow neutralize the perils attendant on each and meet in a happy result. This genial faith is unconfirmed by the signs of times, which seem rather to indicate a decline of courage in government and a growth of dole-hunger in the electorate—a sinister combination of effects. In spite of all "the social and political science" diffused and diluted by various agencies, the people seem as willing to be systematically demoralized as was the population of Rome in the days of *panem et circenses*, and though our statesmen, or at least some of them, are aware of the demoralization going on wholesale, not one of them has the courage to say, *sans phrase*, "this scandalous thing must end." He would sacrifice his political life if he did.

There was wisdom in the practice, almost universal in antiquity, of jealously guarding the highest knowledge from the worthless and the in-

competent, imparting it only to those who had proved themselves, by the endurance of appropriate trials, worthy to receive it and competent rightly to apply it. To the wisest of the ancients—and among them I count the fathers of many a savage tribe—the indiscriminate diffusion of knowledge, irrespective of fitness to possess it, would have seemed the sure road to social disaster. Yet is not this what we are doing? To take a simple example, which may serve as a type of innumerable others, I would contend that to spread the knowledge of birth control indiscriminately among young people of both sexes, vast numbers of whom are physically in a C3 condition, and therefore far more likely to convert love into lust than lust into love—I would contend, I say, that this is a practice which proves us much bigger fools, on that point, than many a tribe of savages, who have their own methods of birth control, but take the most stringent precautions in disclosing them, whipping their youths and maidens till the blood flows before they are permitted to hear a word about the matter, and then imparting the secret only to those who have borne the test with fortitude and self-control. So, too, in the copy of an ancient fresco now before me, depicting the progress of an initiate represented as a beautiful woman, into the high knowledge of the Orphic Mysteries, I observe that in the final stage she is brought into the presence of Telété, symbol of Death, who lashes her naked body with a cruel scourge and then passes her on, purified and en-

lightened, to dance in the realm of immortal youth.[1] An admirable introduction to the mysteries of sex, if the symbolism be rigidly interpreted.

I would urge, then, that education in fitness should proceed concurrently with the spread of knowledge. This means a type of education addressed to the whole man, to the whole woman, and not episodic but sustained. For what is the use of educating a child or an adult to the point of fitness and then turning them loose on the world to become unfit next week?

In these times, when so many causes are summoning us to serve under their banners, it is a mistake, in choosing one's life-work, to look out for a cause that is certain to win. None of them is certain to win, not even the best; the facile optimism that asserts the contrary is claptrap. In a world grown so unmanageable as ours, the best causes have but an offchance of winning, and the higher they are the greater are the natural odds in favour of their defeat. Instead therefore of looking for a cause that is certain to win, let us be content with one, if we are fortunate enough to find it, in which it will be the greatest honour to lose. Such a cause is here in question. Those who are afraid of losing, or incapable of standing up under defeat, should avoid it. Education is the equivalent of war and, as such, a dangerous affair.

[1] The picture (a remarkable one) will be found at the end of *From Orpheus to Paul*, by Vittorio Macchioro (Constable).

III

THE EDUCATION OF THE WHOLE MAN[1]

WHO needs educating more than the educator himself? Who needs it so much? Whose education has been more neglected at the vital points? Among the multitudes who stand in need of education I include myself as one of the most needy. Never do I plead for education without hearing a voice which says to me "Thou art the man." Like St. Paul, in a higher connexion, I count not myself to have attained, but still press towards the mark of my vocation as an "educated man." Or —to make a humbler and perhaps more fitting analogy—like Oliver Twist after he had received his meagre ration of poor-house fare, I ask for "more." May I recommend you all to do the same? Even to those more highly educated than I, who can easily be found, I will venture to say "ask for more."

How shall we define a completely educated human being? Or in what terms shall we describe him?

To begin with, he would possess the whole sum of human knowledge. But this would carry him but

[1] This and the next chapter were spoken for the Carnegie Institute in New York, 1930.

half-way to his goal, if so far. In addition to his vast knowledge he would have to be infallibly competent in his applications of it. Knowledge and incompetence, as we know to our sorrow, are often united, and many of our greatest disasters are the result, not of our ignorance, but of misapplying what we know. It has been said that the remedy for little knowledge is more knowledge. But I doubt if that covers the case. If knowledge is mere "information" the saying is certainly untrue. The completely educated man will be accomplished in trusteeship, in courage, in promptitude, in skill, up to the level his knowledge requires. He will be a person of high vitality—and he will possess many other qualities which the acquisition of more information will not give him. In defining a completely educated man we are in fact defining a god. No wonder that some of us are asking for "more."

There is another point which educators in general, and adult educators in particular, are apt to overlook. Our perfect specimen will possess a perfectly educated body, as well as a perfectly educated mind. And that means far more than health and strength, though of course it includes them both. Health and strength bear this amount of resemblance to knowledge, that both of them can be grievously misused. An educated body not only possesses health and strength, but has them under control, and uses them in the most economical and beautiful manner, a source of delight to the possessor and to all who behold him. If you inspect a

crowd in the streets of any great city you will see there large numbers of bodies that seem healthy, and some that might be called athletic, but very few that have been educated. An educated mind lodged in an uneducated body is somewhat of a contradiction in terms—I concede so much to the behaviourist philosophy. And is not civilization suffering great evils at the present time from the masses of uneducated bodies that populate our great cities—evils which no "course of lectures," not even if delivered by an archangel, is likely to remedy? Much of the mind-culture we offer to those people is of none effect, because their bodies have never been educated to the point of sustaining it.

At a meeting recently called to protect our beautiful countryside from the invasion of ugliness now threatening it—factories, jerry-building, hideous advertisements and such-like—I heard a speaker make what I thought was a profound remark. "You will never keep your beautiful England," he said, "until you get a beautiful people to live in it." He then explained what he meant by "a beautiful people." He meant simply a people whose bodies had been liberally educated to correspond with a liberal education of the mind, and to support it at every point: the eye trained to see beauty and to value it, the ear trained to hear harmony and to resent discord, the hand trained to fine craftsmanship, the whole man, mind and body together, to creative activity—along the lines of the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

I find it impossible to frame an ideal of the completely educated man without including that side of the matter. And then it is that I begin to realize my own need of education. I see the point where my own education was most neglected. Judged by what it cost our parents it was good education, but sadly defective as an education of the "whole man." Our educators operated upon us in sections. It was a piecemeal affair. To begin with, it was divided into what are called "subjects," but without unifying "object"—just unco-ordinated chapters of knowledge. Some of them, as I look back, seem to have subjects without objects at all—parcels of book-say and hear-say, tied up with string, and pitched into our minds as into a basket. There was one set of operators who trained our minds in the class- and lecture-rooms, and another set, and a very ignorant lot they were, who trained our bodies in the gymnasium and the playing-fields. And there was a third gentleman, called "the chaplain," who was supposed to train our characters and look after our souls. But there was no unity of aim. The mind department, the body department, the character department, the soul department were at sixes and sevens. The class-rooms, the playing-fields and the chapel, instead of helping one another along, got in one another's way. In all this piecemeal procedure one thing was consistently lost sight of—the whole man, the whole boy, who is mind, body, character and soul all in one. There was no attempt to train us as the kind of person the speaker I have

quoted had in mind when he declared that we shall never keep our beautiful England until we get a beautiful people to live in it. We were left to achieve that synthesis as best we could by piecing together the tit-bits of what we had learnt in the class-room, the playing-fields and the chapel. Some of us have not succeeded in doing it.

The ideal of "a beautiful people" as the ultimate objective of education was familiar to the Greeks, and I have now to suggest its revival among ourselves as one of the first steps that need to be taken in the difficult process of educating the educators. Taking "a beautiful people" in its right sense—and the words are easily taken in a wrong, or at least in a trivial one—they seem to define better than any other words I know what we educators have to aim at, but have not aimed at hitherto with sufficient clearness of vision. To multiply beautiful persons on the face of the earth, to people our native land with them, and to help other lands to people theirs —I give you that as the final aim to which our lesser aims should lead up.

The poet has said that "all the landscape pleases and only man is vile." I think we must go farther. No landscape can really please so long as the men who occupy its spaces are vile. Even if we banish our fellow-men entirely, on the ground that they are all vile except ourselves, *we* still remain as the spectators, and the beauty of the landscape will escape us unless we ourselves are "beautiful people." A vile person would see none in it. He might

look at it, he might stare at it, he might photograph it, he might race through the length and breadth of it in his car at sixty miles an hour, but he would not see the beauty of it. And so with all the other values—the true, the good, or whatever else. We ourselves must be valuable in the wholeness of our personality, or those precious things will not be valuable to *us*.

We have heard also that a man's character is formed by his environment, by the external conditions in which he finds himself—one of the commonplaces of evolutionary doctrine. It contains a truth, though not the whole truth by any means. But there is one point about the saying which those who repeat it often overlook. *The most active part in the environment of any man consists precisely of his fellowmen.* No other part of his environment acts upon him so closely, so constantly and so vitally. And he, reciprocally, is part of the environment which acts in the same manner on them—an aspect of the matter he may easily forget.

It follows that nobody can play the part of a beautiful person in solitude. Just as no man can be happy if the people round him are miserable, so the beauty that comes from order and self-control, the essence of a beautiful person, is impossible so long as the mass of his fellows are living distracted, disorderly and ugly lives. In spite of himself the man will be caught up in the general stream of disorder and ugliness. His life will become an echo of the discords around him. Mr. Lippmann has drawn

a striking picture of these conditions in his *Preface to Morals*. He paints a world in spiritual confusion; and where there is confusion there is no beauty.

What have we educators to say to all that? First, of all, I think, to make a confession. We are largely responsible for the state of things Mr. Lippmann describes. We have not deliberately planned or promoted it, but we have done little to prevent it. Ever since education became universal we have held the key to the position, but we have been deficient in the vision and the skill which the use of the key requires. By educating people piecemeal, as though human nature were a patchwork, made up of mind, body, character, soul, each subdivided again into I know not how many factulties and aptitudes, and each with a special subject allotted to it—by educating them in this way, and neglecting the education of the whole man, without whom none of these divisions has any meaning at all, we have left them in a condition where spiritual confusion is bound to overtake them.

We must follow up this confession by repentance and amendment. We must take our own education in hand. And I suggest that we begin by schooling ourselves in the conception of the whole man, or, if you will, the whole woman, and never lose sight of him in his wholeness, from the first stage of his education as a child to the last stage as an adult. Let us get rid of patchwork conceptions and piecemeal practice; of the mind to be educated by one method, the character by another, the body by a third—or

perhaps not educated at all, but left to be looked after by the Department of Health and cared for by medical science; and along with this major patchwork let us dismiss the minor patchwork, the sub-divisions, to which many of us have been led by a shallow psychology, the isolated faculties and aptitudes, each with a special "subject" attached to it, by training which in isolation we produce not whole men or whole women, who are always "beautiful persons," but lopsided creatures in whom the Creator himself might have some difficulty in recognizing his own image. I suggest this as the first step. Let us turn our thoughts to the whole man, and take him, or at least the idea of him, as the loadstar of our educational practice, and fairly tackle the problem by multiplying "beautiful people" on the face of the earth.

IV

THE WHOLE MAN DESCRIBED

WHAT kind of a being is the whole man—this whole man whom we so often lose sight of in concentrating our attention on the separated parts of him?

To answer that question fully we should need a synthesis of all the human sciences. And it would have to be a genuine synthesis and not a patchwork. The answer would not be reached by listening first to one science and then to another, first to biology, then to physiology, then to psychology, then to sociology and so on, and finally making an addition sum of the information given by each. We apprehend the wholeness of man as we apprehend the wholeness of a Beethoven symphony, not by hearing the instruments in the orchestra play one by one—we should get a queer impression if we did—first the drums, then the cymbals, then the horns, then the fiddles and so on—not in that way, but by hearing them play together, and so getting the wholeness of the music as it arises from the interactions of the separate contributions. In the same way the wholeness of human nature needs the whole orchestra of human science to reveal it. If we try the other plan, listening to what physiology says about

a man's body, and then to what psychology says about his mind, and then tacking the one bit of hearsay on to the other, we shall miss the wholeness of the man, and make a pretty mess of things when we put our knowledge into educational practice—which I am afraid is what some of us have been actually doing. What we need is a genuine synthesis of all the human sciences, like a synthesis of the instruments in an orchestra. And that is something we have not yet got.

The modern man is at his best when he is dealing with analysis—his recent education has all tended in that direction. But he is something of a blockhead when he comes to synthesis. He seems to have lost the secret of it; his education has left it out. Analysis is his strong point, synthesis his weak one. For breaking a thing up into parts and studying each part in separation, there has never been anybody to compare with the modern man. But when you ask him to put the parts together again he is like one who has lost the use of his wits. "Wholeness" seems to baffle him.

Never is he more at sea than when he is dealing with that most interesting sort of wholeness of which he himself and his fellowmen are the chief examples in the Universe, next to the Universe itself. If he is treating of the body he comes off brilliantly with his biology and his physiology; if he is treating of the mind he comes off, not quite so brilliantly, perhaps, with his psychology. But ask him to put the three sciences together and show

you a man functioning in his wholeness, body and mind together as an inseparable unity, and the odds are that he won't know what you mean. A surgical operation is needed to get the idea into his head. On that side of a thinker's business the old Greeks beat the modern man out and out. They had an eye for the wholeness of things. They "saw life steadily and saw it whole." They were good at synthesis. If only the modern man could combine his gift for analysis with the Greek gift for synthesis he would become the superman we have all been dreaming of. I believe he will do it one day. All this analysis, the piecemeal treatment of things, that is going on now is the prelude to a mighty synthesis which awaits us in the future, when the education of the whole man has done its work.

The trouble with the Greeks lay in the poverty of their analysis. Their orchestra was too small. The instruments in it were rather crude, and there was not enough of them to render the music of the whole man. But where they were poor we are rich. Our positive sciences, the results of the analytical method, are an orchestra which the god of music himself might be proud of. When they have learnt to play together we shall have a symphony such as the world has never heard before. Meanwhile, we are looking out for a conductor. One of these days I think he will turn up.

I will give a simple example—the familiar contrast of the "material" and the "spiritual." That division is the result of analysis. It splits the world

clean down the middle—the realm of matter on that side, the realm of spirit on this, each opposed to the other. It splits civilization into two currents, which run contrary, the one towards material good, the other towards spiritual good. It splits the government of the world between God and mammon, bidding us choose which we will serve, with the result that many of us serve neither, or serve first the one and then the other, and mix the two up as best we can. It has many names and turns up in many forms. One is the notorious opposition of science and religion. Others are the oppositions between reason and imagination, between the prose of life and the poetry of it, between work and play, between labour and leisure, between the hours we spend in earning our daily bread and the hours we spend, or are supposed to spend, in saving our souls, between weekday and Sunday. All may be summed up in the one grand division between the Kingdom of Earth and the Kingdom of Heaven, always at war with one another. All this is the work of analysis, sound analysis too, and the result of it is the confusion described by Mr. Lippmann.

When synthesis appears upon the scene it has something to say which the modern man is not only slow to believe but slow even to see the meaning of. Synthesis declares that neither the Kingdom of Earth nor the Kingdom of Heaven has any real existence on its own account. As separated they are empty abstractions, and the battle between them is a battle of ghosts. Neither of them is real till you

bring them together. There are not two kingdoms in this Universe but only one—the United Kingdom of Heaven and Earth. In that united kingdom the whole man is a citizen. It is not true that man belongs either to this half or to that, to earth *or* to heaven, or now to the first and then to the second. It is not true that man belongs predominantly to one and only in a minor degree to the other. The halves are abstraction: but the whole is real and the whole man belongs to it. If you educate him on the contrary assumption, treating him as though he belonged to Earth with his body and to Heaven with his mind, you will make a terrible mess of his education, and your civilization, grounded on that method of treating him, will be a scene of spiritual confusion and material confusion as well—just as it is to-day.

Not long ago I paid a visit to a great factory in one of our Northern cities where hundreds of young women are employed. I was greatly struck by their ease and dexterity and cheerfulness in going about their work, and remarked on it to the manager who was taking me round. "We have a school of physical culture attached to the mill," said the manager, "and we teach them *to walk* in our evening classes. They crowd us out and enjoy it to the top of their bent. And the interesting thing is," he added, "that when we have taught them to walk and to carry themselves easily they begin asking for other things. Some want to sing, some want to dance and some want books, and three of them have

been writing poetry. I expect we shall end up by becoming a little University." I went away from that mill thinking about the whole man, in this case the whole woman, and constructing in my mind a new programme for adult education, which differed considerably from the one we have been following up to now.

We must now pursue "the whole man" a step farther. I have defined him as primarily and essentially a citizen in the United Kingdom of Earth and Heaven, his body and mind inseparably one, and never to be treated as independent the one of the other. But what is he doing there? What vocation shall we assign him as a citizen in the United Kingdom of Heaven and Earth?

I emphasize the word vocation. In the broadest sense I would maintain that vocational training is the proper business of education. But the vocation to be trained for is the vocation of the whole man, and not of a part of him only. There is a profound difference between the two things. What then is the vocation of the whole man?

So far as I can make out his vocation is to be a creator; and if you ask me creator *of what*, I answer —a creator of real values. Creativeness is his function; the function of man in his wholeness; his summary vocation as a citizen of the United Kingdom of Heaven and Earth. If you leave him untrained for that you neglect his vocational training, and he will be restless, unhappy, discontented, craving for something he hasn't got. We sometimes

call it the craving for self-expression. And so it is; but we must always remember that the self he craves to express is the whole self. Only by creation can he express it.

Many people seem to think nowadays that self-expression will come of its own accord if you emancipate a man from all restraints. Break down the barriers, the inhibitions, the taboos, the conventions, give the man a universal licence to go as he pleases, and the self-expression he craves for will begin. That is a popular creed nowadays—the creed of emancipation. Many of the recent doctrines about marriage and love are couched in that vein, and experiments are actually being tried on those lines.

The creed of emancipation is not wholly false. It is true that no man can express himself without a considerable degree of emancipation. But, like patriotism, emancipation is not enough. The creative self of a man will never be satisfied by the mere act of setting him free from restraints. You must give him something to do, something positive and worth while. You must engage him in a work of positive creation. If you fail to do that the emancipated self will be more miserable than the self in bonds, and the last state of that man, or that woman, will be worse than the first. I know a good many of these negatively emancipated people and I observe that most of them get hopelessly confused. Their life seems to go to pieces and become a mere series of interruptions, a mere tangle of loose ends.

This notion of the whole man, as a born creator,

is not to be found in any one of the human sciences. If you consult those sciences one by one they will tell you a different tale. Each of them, taken by itself, will inevitably lead to the conclusion that man is some sort of a machine. Even psychology will do that, and perhaps I may say in passing that if I had to trust to any single science for my notion of human nature, psychology is the very last I would choose for the purpose. As one instrument in the scientific orchestra psychology is essential; but just now the psychologists are blowing their horns a little too hard. When I study the mind as the psychologist dissects it, I see a machine of one kind; when I study the body as the physiologist dissects it, I see a machine of another kind; but when I put the two stories together and combine them with the stories that other sciences are telling, there rises before me another vision, another image which is not a machine but a living figure, the figure of the story-teller, the figure of the whole man. We make a distinction between science and art—analysis once more. The distinction is shallow. It arises only when you consider the sciences one by one. But listen to the whole orchestra, take them all together, and the totality before you is as great a work of art as human genius has ever achieved—the symphony of Truth, one of three most beautiful symphonies in all the world. And behind it stands the figure of its creator, man. The ultimate testimony of science is a revelation of the whole man as essentially a creator. It is the whole man who has created science.

No bit of him could have done it. His intellect could not have done it without his imagination; nor his mind without his body.

As a born creator, then, education will take him in hand. To train the whole man for his grand vocation as a creator of value—that will be the loadstar of our practice, the final standard to which all our methods must be referred, whether in dealing with children or with adults, with this subject or that.

It rests with us, who are working at the adult end of the line, to press the idea of the whole man as the guiding principle of educational reform. It is we who have realized most keenly, in the grown men and women we deal with, how the creative hunger of man, the hunger for self-expression as we sometimes call it, is baulked and thwarted by the conditions under which they live, and how little has been done to satisfy it by the education they have been getting heretofore. It is for us, in particular, to take the lead in doing away with that false separation between mind and body, between Heaven and Earth, which has so long dominated our practice and led us into the mistake of diffusing knowledge without caring whether people are fit to possess it or not.

And if you ask me what motive can be appealed to, what driving power can be relied on, to bring out the creative element in men and women, there is only one answer I can give; but I give it without hesitation—the love of beauty, innate in everybody,

but suppressed, smothered, thwarted in most of us —a deep, unsatisfied hunger which is rendering millions of lives utterly miserable at the present moment, though perhaps they haven't the faintest idea what is the matter with them. Astonishing results are awaiting the educator who will try experiments in that line—I have seen some of them.

But here again we shall not arouse the love of beauty by talking about it or by giving lectures on art, any more than we can make people moral by talking about morality. We arouse it by putting them in the way of creating something which has in it the beauty we are talking about. Once get the thing started, though in the humblest form, and it will begin to grow by its own vitality. Even if people have nothing else to begin with, they have their own bodies. Those factory girls who had learnt to *walk* in their evening classes—what happened next? "Some wanted to dance, some wanted to sing, some wanted to draw, some wanted books, and three of them began writing poetry." The beginnings of a new culture, the germ of a little University, a revival of the fine arts in prospect—the growing point of it started by "teaching them to walk." Let us take the hint.

V

"THE SCIENCE AND ART OF LEISURE"[1]

I AM not responsible for this portentous title. It was offered to me by your committee, and my first impulse on reading it was to decline the invitation, on the score of sheer incompetence. I am not a Professor of the Science and Art of Leisure, and if a professorship under that title were to be founded in this[2] or any other university, it would never occur to me to apply for the post. But the Secretary was good enough to give me liberty to put a broad meaning on the words. Armed with that licence, I shall interpret the title in the liberal spirit which characterizes the dealings of modern churchmen with formulæ of another kind. I shall take the word "science" as a polite injunction to avoid talking nonsense, and "art" as an intimation that some sort of practical application is expected. I must add, however, that while the word "science" warns me to avoid nonsense, the word "art" is a strong temptation to indulge in it. There are few subjects, except perhaps religion, where the lapse into nonsense is so easy.

Are we not doing violence to the nature of leisure

[1] An address to the Modern Churchmen's Conference, 1930.
[2] Oxford.

in setting up a "science and art" of it? In becoming scientific would it not lose that element of "go-as-you-please" which constitutes its charm, and so cease to be leisurely? And is not the "art of leisure" a very difficult one, the acquisition of which would compel us meanwhile to "scorn delights and live laborious days" to an extent incompatible with leisure, and would not the practice of the art when acquired put us on our mettle and prove somewhat exhausting? Is not the title of my address a disguised attempt to bring leisure under the sway of the categorical imperative? And when that is done, will it be leisure any more? I leave these questions to be answered by those who invented the title.

I foresee that our "science and art of leisure" will turn out, before we are half-way through, to be the science and art of labour called by another name. I observe that "the Science and Art of Labour" is not on your programme. Perhaps you foresaw that it would be covered by the subject allotted to myself. At the outset I have to confess myself wholly unable to disentangle the two things.

Whichever end you begin at, labour or leisure, science and art will bring you to the same result. If you begin with labour, it begins to turn into leisure from the moment when art is applied to it. If you begin with leisure, it will turn into labour when science traces it to its roots. Putting the matter somewhat differently, were the Labour Party to work out a science and art of labour, which, oddly enough, they have never done, the problem of

leisure would be solved at the same time. *Per contra*, if the leisured class were to work out a science and art of leisure, which they too have never done, they would end by taking their coats off, and setting to work with tools in their hands—a spade, a pen, a sword, a violin, or a painter's brush, as the case might be. The science and art of labour would follow a man forward from the time where he is dressed in overalls to the time when he puts on his Sunday clothes. The science and art of leisure would begin with the man in his Sunday clothes and end up by ordering him to take them off and put on his overalls. The two sciences and the two arts have a meeting-place. Until they have found it, neither is science and neither is art.

It so happens that the problem of leisure is confronting us at this moment in a most acute and menacing form. Two million of the twelve million workers in this country are unemployed, to say nothing of the many millions more to be found in foreign lands. Unless I am much mistaken, these unemployed, in their totality, constitute the largest leisured class we have ever had in this country. The fact that most of this leisure is involuntary, though not all of it, must not be taken as placing it outside the scope of my subject. If any of my hearers feels disposed to set up as a practitioner of the science and art of leisure, I would suggest that he begin operations in the Moss Side district of Manchester, where 57 per cent. of the population are now out of work. The situation is both tragic and novel.

We hear much in these days of "Education for Life," but the kind of life lived by the millions in the state of unemployment seems to be left out of the picture. There are many kinds of leisure. The kind which is enforced by circumstances and supported by the State is widely different from that to which you and I look forward in our summer holidays. The psychology of it, the economics of it, the ethics of it, are all different. But "the science and art of leisure" are challenged by it all the same. So far as I can see, science and art are doing nothing in the matter. They seldom do much when votes are in question.

But I must not sacrifice the broader principles of my subject to this topical interest, though it illustrates, better perhaps than anything else, the difficulties the "science and art of leisure" have to confront. It warns us against treating leisure as a standardized or homogeneous article, amenable to a single set of rules, either of science or art. The leisure of the idle rich is one thing; the leisure of the idle poor is another, and I know not which of the two is the more dangerous to society and the more demoralizing to its possessor. To no two men are the meaning and value of leisure the same. They vary according to the man who has the leisure, and according to the labour which has preceded it. The kind which a man wins by honest work must never be confused with the kind for which dishonest work has furnished the means, nor with the other kind which the heir to great riches gets for nothing.

Moreover, the labour occupation of one man may be the leisure occupation of another, or even of the same man at different periods of his life. I spend some of my leisure, for example, in growing roses. A neighbouring nurseryman earns his living by doing the same thing. But growing roses plays, in his life, a different part from what it plays in mine, not only because he does more of it and knows more about it, but also because he makes money out of it while I do the reverse.

Without attempting a formal definition of leisure, or explaining what it meant to the ancient Greeks, according to a well-established Oxford practice, I will call your attention to certain facts about leisure as it exists among us at the present day. In that way we shall come the more readily to the practical applications expected of me, and may even come in sight of a definition.

In the first place we need to observe that whatever leisure a man enjoys in these days is apt to be invaded and destroyed by the importunities of other people. It would seem that whenever a man, or a class, gets leisure of his own, other men or other classes immediately become aware of the fact, and begin to exploit it in their own interests, mostly under cover of serving his. The purveyors of amusement, in particular, get busy—and their industry, as you must have observed, is one of the most profitable of modern times. A man is no longer master of his leisure time to the degree his forefathers were in a simpler age. On every side he is sur-

rounded by artful operators who have studied his weak points, often with the aid of psychology, and beset him with the offer of ready-made pleasures, to be purchased at a price.

I saw an example of this the other day in one of the Lancashire towns. Outside an establishment devoted to the newly invented sport of greyhound racing there was an immense crowd waiting for the gates to open in the middle of the morning, and on making inquiry I was informed that the vast majority were the unemployed. Many of the mills in the neighbourhood had closed down, but the greyhound racing industry was doing a roaring business. Some days afterwards I met a gentleman prominent in the W.E.A., and asked him whether the increased leisure of the district had caused an increase in the demand for the classes and course of lectures his movement had to offer. He said it had not. There were too many counter-attractions. And he mentioned greyhound racing as one.

Even those of us who are immune from the attractions of the cinema, the race-course and the public-house are not masters of our leisure time, at least to the extent we should like to be. We are largely at the mercy of our neighbours, who have facilities for getting at us unknown to the ancient Greeks or even to our grandfathers. Thanks to the telephone, motor-car and such-like inventions, our neighbours have it in their power to turn our leisure into a series of interruptions, and the more leisure they have the more active do they become in de-

stroying ours. Nor are we less active in destroying theirs. We spend a great deal of our leisure in mutual botheration.

In whatever conditions you place a man, the use he can make of his own leisure will always be limited by the use that other people are making of theirs. Much that I have read on the subject seems to me vitiated by the oversight of this fundamental condition. Mr. Bertrand Russell, for example, lays it down, as one of the marks of a good social system, that it gives the citizen ample leisure and untrammelled freedom in the use of it. Leisure without obligation seems to be his ideal. Now the provision of ample leisure is simple enough—at least in theory. Mr. Russell gets it by reducing the working hours to four per diem. The trouble comes in securing to the man the untrammelled use of the remainder of the day. Mr. Russell simplifies the problem, unduly, I think, by supposing a general consent on the part of society that the man in his leisure time shall have free play for his instincts and desires. But when we reflect that all other men would also be giving free play to their instincts and desires, for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, it seems pretty plain that the leisure of the first man would get considerably interfered with by the doings of the others. A general agreement to abstain from the use of the telephone, except during the four working hours, might help a little; but we should have to abstain from a thousand other things as well before an "untrammelled" leisure would be

possible for anybody. If a man wants that, there is only one way, so far as I can see, of getting it. He must hide himself away in the depths of an inaccessible desert; and I am not sure that he would escape botheration even there. Somebody would discover his hiding-place, and a mission would be sent out to do him good, perhaps by instructing him in the "science and art of leisure."

Moreover, account has to be taken of the fact that one's leisure time is precisely that part of life where Beelzebub finds his most promising opportunities. One can imagine the rejoicings in Beelzebub's quarter of the universe if the working hours were reduced to four per diem. No doubt the increase of leisure would give new opportunities to good angels as well, or at least to those of us who are disposed to take their side. Which leads me to attempt a sort of definition, though perhaps it is premature. Leisure is that part of a man's life where the struggle between white angels and black for the possession of his soul goes on with the greatest intensity. As I watched that crowd of unemployed, waiting for the greyhound racing to begin, I could not help feeling that just at that moment the black contingent was getting the best of it. That, however, may be only the prejudice of an old-fashioned moralist.

Prejudice apart, here are a few statistics which may help us to form an idea of the way people nowadays distribute their leisure time between the cultivation of their souls and the cultivation of

something else. They are American statistics, but I imagine they are fairly typical of what goes on elsewhere. I take them from a little volume called *Books*, by R. L. Duffus, apparently an authority in the book trade.

We are told that 115 million people in the United States attend the "movie" theatres every week, and that in this way they spend as much money in three weeks as the entire population spends on books in a year. The total national expenditure on books is given as 200 million dollars per annum. The total national expenditure on pleasure touring in motor-cars is 3,000 million dollars. The American public pays for books one-half of one per cent. of its annual income. As a result of elaborate calculations, Mr. Duffus concludes that the "average American" buys two books and borrows two from the library every year. From an official bulletin issued by the American Government we get the following: "The national bill for candy is 27 times as large as the national bill for books; for the movies 22 times; for the wireless 12½ times; for 'soft drinks,' 11 times." The amount spent by the Americans on hard drinks is not mentioned.

These figures of course require careful interpretation. Not all the books that are bought or borrowed can be classed as tending to the cultivation of the soul. On the other hand, the leisure occupations indicated by the rest of the figures must not be set down indiscriminately as having no

cultural value, though certainly there is not much in "candy," on which the Americans spend 27 times what they spend on books. But when allowance has been made for all that, the figures on the whole seem to strengthen my contention that just now Beelzebub is going strong at the leisure end of our civilization.

I must pass to another of the broad facts to which attention needs to be called. This is the intimate connexion between what goes on at the leisure end of life and what goes on at the labour end, or, if you will, between the work and the play of civilization.

When the predominant type of labour is monotonous, so that it tires the body without interesting the mind, leisure will be largely occupied in the search for *external excitements*, which give relief from boredom, and which the tired body naturally craves. Industries will spring up for the supply of those pleasures, sweetened like candy, or highly spiced like a sex novel. These industries of course have to be carried on by some kind of labour. We are obviously in a circle. An enormous amount of industrial labour is now occupied in satisfying the demand for ready-made pleasures and external excitement which comes from the leisure end of the day.

If now we ask what kind of ready-made pleasures are most sought after to relieve boredom and stimulate tired senses, there are four which cover most of the ground. I place first the sex enticement,

which often works quite effectively by mere suggestion; the second is gambling, in one or other of its innumerable forms; the third is outward display, which mostly takes the form of dress, and is not unconnected with sex; and the fourth is sight-seeing, which again takes endless forms—looking at scenery, looking at athletic performances, looking at shows of this kind and that, with the accompanying pleasure of quick and comfortable transport from one show to another. There are, of course, many others; but these four, I think, will account for the major proportion of the external excitements and ready-made pleasures which the labour of the community has to provide to meet the demand from the leisure end.

If time allowed, I should explain the reasons which led me to give the first place on the list to the sex motive. I will only say that the presence of this element seems to me almost ubiquitous as a determining factor both in the demand and supply of popular amusements, sometimes openly, but oftener in combination with other elements which partly disguise it. Look through the illustrated advertisements in any popular magazine, and you will find it on every page. Whether it be a motor-car, or a dental preparation, or a brand of cigarettes, or a floor polish, or a photographic camera, or a seaside resort, the desirable sex figure is almost invariably there. The cinema, the theatre, the popular novel are of course full of it. This is one of those things that have been from the beginning, are now,

and probably ever shall be. It operates mainly at the leisure end, sometimes with the best results and sometimes with the worst. To deal with it by methods of repression, condemnation and prohibition seems to me about as futile as the attempt to abolish the ocean tides. If moralists and religious teachers could find a means of harnessing this force to the service of their own ends, as our popular entertainers are skilful in making it turn the wheels of their business, the millennium would come much nearer than it now is. Every possible means of doing this needs to be explored with a thoroughness which has not yet been applied to it, especially by those of us who are interested in the "science and art of leisure."

On this vital question I could offer an abundance of what are known as "views," both my own and other people's. But I have seen a few experiments which convince me that the most promising line of attack on the problem of leisure, especially as connected with sex, is not the line of moral exhortation. It consists rather in an attempt to arouse the love of beauty and to stimulate the creative side of human nature. My own belief is that, in the trinity of Truth, Beauty and Goodness, Beauty plays the part of the vitalizing element, the other two becoming skeletons when there is no beauty to clothe them in flesh and breathe upon them with the breath of life. A brief description of an experiment conducted under the same belief may throw more light on the matter than any amount of theorizing.

I came across it last year in the city of Philadelphia. There is in that city a far-seeing gentleman named Samuel Fleisher, who is an enthusiast for adult education. But he became dissatisfied with the current methods of that movement, classes, courses of lectures and book learning in general—"university and water," as some people have been impudent enough to call it. Let us appeal rather, he said, to the love of the beautiful, and the capacity for creative skill, which he believed that every human being possesses in some degree. So at his own cost he founded an institution, called simply an Arts Club, staffed it with skilled instructors, and announced to the young men and women in Philadelphia that he was ready to train them in the paths of beautiful achievement, from physical culture up to the finest of the fine arts. He filled the building with works of art, and furnished it in the most beautiful taste, more like a prince's palace than an "institution," and to cap all, he bought an episcopal church which abutted on the building, called it the Sanctuary, where no services are held nor sermons preached, but where anybody who feels inclined can go for silent meditation or prayer—when I was there young people were dropping in all the time. Many said he had lost his reason, only to confess later that he was the one man in Philadelphia who had most conspicuously retained it.

The institution has been in existence for thirty years, and is now besieged by applicants for admission. I went the round of the many workshops and

studios, and saw there some of the best native art work of all kinds that I had found in America. But I think what impressed me most was the dignity and beauty of the physical culture, which had been made into a really fine art, and it then and there occurred to me that it would be the salvation of hundreds of thousands of young men and women at home if they could be put through a similar training—for I think there is truth in a saying I heard not long ago, that while a few people are turned into saints by cultivating the education of their souls, multitudes are turned into sinners by neglecting the education of their bodies. In Mr. Fleisher's theory of education, mind and body are not treated as separate. He treats them together as one. He evidently believes in the co-education of mind and body, which seems to me entirely sound.

On the whole I have never seen a more successful attempt to provide the "education for leisure" which many of us regard as supremely important, especially for young men and women.[1]

As a general conception of leisure I suggest that we regard it, with Mr. Fleisher, as the opportunity for exercising those creative and imaginative faculties which the general standardization of labour tends to suppress. Not that everything is standardized in labour, nor that everything is unstandardized in leisure; still less, that the two can be kept in

[1] An account of Mr. Fleisher's educational ideal, written by himself, will be found in the *Hibbert Journal* for April 1930. under the title "Art and Recreation."

watertight compartments. There is no evil in standardization so long as sufficient creativeness goes along with it, and there is no possibility of creativeness without adequate standardization as a base for the creative effort. If I had to write a motto over the portals of leisure I would do it in three words—skill, creation, beauty—and I would call the whole house the House of Joy. I would make no war on machine-made articles, which are often much better than those made by hand; but I would make it clear, and sedulously instil it into the young, that the pleasures which result from external excitements are far inferior to those which result from creative skill, and that bought pleasures are hardly worth having in comparison to those which arise in the exercise of the creative faculty, a faculty with which I think every human being is endowed in some degree and in some form. My system of education should be devised for teaching that lesson from childhood onwards, and nobody should get an Honours Degree at the University until he gave evidence of having learnt it.

Meanwhile, we must remember, as the essential point, that no sharp division can be made between leisure occupations and labor occupations. What is labour at one stage may be leisure at another; for example, in acquiring an art, the first stages of which are laborious and the last delightful. What is play to the amateur may be hard work to the professional or vice versa; what is sport to the spectator may be agony to the performer, like

Byron's gladiator, butchered to make a Roman holiday. I read in the paper not long ago that a waitress in a seaside restaurant had dropped dead at the end of August Bank Holiday. We don't butcher people nowadays to make our holidays; but we kill a waitress now and then. And I remember the bar steward on an Atlantic liner, who had been mixing cocktails for the first-class passengers day and night from the moment we started, telling me at the end of the voyage that he was "nearly dead." One man's leisure is another man's labour. "Short hours for the men," said a miner's wife to me once—"short hours for the men mean long hours for the women. My husband and sons work six hours a day. I work eighteen, following the shifts."

I doubt if anything can be counted a leisure occupation when it reaches the stage of fatigue, boredom or desperation, like the last lap in the ascent of Mount Everest; or a crowd of tired schoolgirls at the Italian pictures; or the Oxford crew with the winning-post in sight and Cambridge two lengths ahead. There are types of labour which neither tire us nor bore us nor drive us to despair; and there are types of leisure which do all three almost immediately. We are more at leisure when we are walking about with the minimum amount of fatigue, than when we are running on a race track with the maximum amount of speed. But the running would probably be considered a sport; while the walking is part of the day's work. One of the reasons for the reputation we have earned of "taking our pleasures

sadly" is that so many of us are tired when the fun begins, with the result that we are completely exhausted by the time it ends—as anybody may see who watches the proceedings of a Bank Holiday crowd. "Without cocktails," said a young lady to me once, "the pleasures of life would be quite insupportable." Many working-men have the same philosophy, no doubt with better reason.

Nor is it true—though this is very commonly assumed—that every increase in the leisure of a community brings a corresponding decrease in its labour. This might be so if leisure were invariably spent in sleep, or in doing nothing, or in silent meditation. But that is not the way most of us spend it. Except for sleep—the amount of which does not vary, I suppose, from age to age—the leisure of a modern man is the time when his demand for the service of others is most exacting, and his consumption of commodities most active. The consumption of food, for example, is larger on Sunday, the day of rest, than on any other day in the week. It runs to its maximum at Christmas. All this involves labour, some of which is not of the most elevating kind. I imagine that many people die prematurely as a result of it, while some drop dead on the field of action, like the waitress I spoke of.

The varieties of leisure are endless. There is a kind that connotes idleness, another that is won by hard work, another, a dreadful kind, which arises when a man is put out of action by the shock of some paralysing grief. There is the leisure of youth

and the leisure of age. There is the leisure of patients in a hospital and of prisoners in solitary confinement. There is the leisure which comes when we are tired, and the leisure which comes when we are fresh.

Under these circumstances the "science and art of leisure" is not easily presented. Certainly it would have no value unless it was backed by a "science and art of labour" to correspond.

From all this it should be obvious that the problem of leisure is the problem of education called by another name. Most of our social problems resolve themselves in the same way, but none more promptly than the problem of leisure. It should also be clear than any system of education for leisure, if properly devised, will be education for labour as well. The two things cannot be disentangled.

I will end by briefly describing the general form which I think such a system should take.

If it were possible to use plain language without the risk of being misunderstood, I should say without further explanation that the basis of the system required would be physical culture, and the final objective would be art. A long line would connect the basis with the object—the beginning with the end. The elementary stage would not be reading, writing and doing sums, the need for which is a late arrival in the history of man. It would lie farther back. Hear-say and book-say knowledge, which now

constitute the stock-in-trade of education, would be included at the proper stage, but the stock-in-trade would be more various. After book-say knowledge had been sufficiently acquired, the next stage would transform it into the finer sorts of skill, thereby completing it as knowledge, no "honours" being granted to anybody till that stage were reached. Throughout the entire process, which would be life-long, the object in view would be the education of the *whole man*, and not a part of him called his mind, nor of another called his soul, nor of another called his character, nor of another called his body, but of the whole man or child as an inseparable unity of all four. People would be taught to think not with their brains alone (which by the way is an absurdity), but with their whole bodies, like the beautiful girl described by John Donne in his lines to a "coy mistress":

> "Her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
> That you might almost say 'her body thought.'"

Or, like Vergil's goddess in the first book of the *Æneid* who, you may remember, revealed her divinity toÆneas, not by performing a miracle, as a commonplace goddess would have done, but by the way she walked, *vera incessu patuit dea.* The way she walked proclaimed her divine—a sure sign that elementary education is not neglected in the abodes of the gods.

Such a system would be a complete education

both for Leisure and for Labour. It would kill the two birds with one stone. We might call it the co-education of mind and body, a far more important thing than the co-education of men and women. The people who had received it would think with their whole bodies, like Donne's mistress, like Vergil's goddess. They would rejoice in the work of their hands, and they would walk divinely all day long, whether at work or play. Their knowledge would be more than hearsay, and they would always be in "high condition." The low-conditioned multitudes who Spengler predicts will be the ruin of our civilization, the "fellaheen" as he calls them, would disappear. We are far from having attained such a system at the present time.

I am aware that this formula—physical culture as the basis, art as the object—is open to the gravest misunderstanding. A vision rises of people jumping over parallel bars at the first stage of their education, and making knick-knacks at the last. Were I addressing another kind of audience I might have to explain that I mean nothing of the kind. But such explanations are not necessary when addressing an audience of Modern Churchmen. I shall therefore ask you to take them as read.

VI

EDUCATION FOR LEISURE

IN HIS working hours the typical worker is predominantly a producer, though still a consumer of whatever he needs to carry on his work. Even the producer of sonnets is a consumer of ink, which is nasty stuff to manufacture. But we characterize him by the sonnets he produces and not by the ink he consumes. On the other hand the function of the man who makes the ink is characterized by the ink he makes and not by the sonnets or by anything else which results from its consumption. The social value both of the poet and the inkmaker, while at work, is measured mainly by what they severally produce, especially by the quality of the article. But how is it measured in their leisure?

In leisure the centre of interest changes from production to consumption. The worker, whether inkmaker or poet, now becomes predominently a consumer—a consumer of whatever he needs to make him comfortable or keep him amused—fuel, shelter, clothes, which of course the producer also needs, but of many other things in addition, such as books, golf-clubs, candy, beer, cocktails, tobacco, lipstick, dress suits, diamonds and I know not what else, all of which, of course, are produced by some

sort of human labour. The poet goes for a walk in the country and becomes a consumer of shoe-leather. The inkmaker goes for a joy ride, and becomes a consumer of motor-cars and petrol. Or perhaps he reads the poet's sonnets, and becomes, so to speak, a consumer of them.

It would appear then that in labour and leisure the relative importance of production and consumption is reversed. But this simple formula, useful as a pointer, by no means exhausts the complexities of the matter.

It may be that the poet will amuse his leisure by making ink. I actually know a poet, a minor one it is true, who does that very thing. Or he may amuse it by growing potatoes in his garden, and reducing to that extent the amount of labour which has to be done by other men in order that poets may live. It may be, also, that the inkmaker will amuse his leisure by writing sonnets of his own. Such things are not unknown.

I am not suggesting that every poet should spend his leisure in making his own ink (though he might be worse employed) or that every inkmaker should spend his in making sonnets, but I think we get a hint from these things as to the ideal employment of leisure. The ideal employment is skilful activity, at once the most delightful and most vitalizing form of human experience. A good system of education would train us to make use of leisure in that way. It would aim at the liberation of our creative powers and the guidance of them by many paths to forms

of beauty. So educated we should spend less of our leisure in yielding to its sumptuary temptations, which often means that other people are leading us by the nose, and more of it in developing our creative possibilities and so asserting our unfettered freedom, and our essential nature, as human beings. And we should enjoy our leisure a thousand times more.

In addition we should be less of a nuisance to one another. For man is never so much of a nuisance to his fellows as when he is playing the fool in his leisure time. Under most conditions it is easier to hate our fellows than to love them. Indeed, in much of the humanist talk, now so popular, about the "love of man," a concealed hatred of man is not hard to detect. But it becomes almost impossible to avoid hating our fellow-men when we find them playing the fool. And they reciprocally can hardly avoid hating us when we furnish them with the same spectacle. The poor hate the rich, not because of their riches, but because they see them making fools of themselves in their leisure time, and their hatred is fostered by the illustrated papers with their predilection for exhibiting that side of the rich man's leisure the foolishness of which is most apparent. Any approach, either by rich or poor, towards the ideal of creative leisure would certainly be an approach to better feeling all round.

The reader has probably observed, in other people if not in himself, a tendency to stress obligations while a man is at work and to relax them while he

is at play; to lay them heavily on man the producer and lightly on man the consumer, irrespective of the fact that one man's consumption involves another man's production. At least, it is largely so under modern conditions. One of the strongest arguments for returning to the simple life, in which a man becomes a producer of what he consumes, is that it brings his obligations, so to speak, under a single roof. In the simpler forms of life the distinction between labour and leisure tends to disappear. In the *Swiss Family Robinson*, for example, it is difficult to say whether the life of that ingenious family was all labour or all leisure. It depends on the point of view. For my own part I can think of few more enjoyable holidays than a month or two with those busy people in their delightful island.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the desire to escape into a world where there are no obligations is a distinct trait in the make-up of most of us—perhaps it is the proper definition of original sin. We find traces of it even in distinguished moralists. Matthew Arnold, for example, makes conduct three-fourths of life, reserving a remaining fourth where conduct apparently has no sway. That remaining fourth is an El Dorado which I, at least, have never been able to find, though, in my weaker moments, I have often wished to. Even in my leisure time the voice of the categorical imperative still pursues me and pays no heed to my desire to escape from it. William James is voicing the

same desire in what he has to say about moral holidays. And Mr. Bertrand Russell, who dislikes the word obligation, comes very near at times to making his ideas about leisure into a mild imperative, enjoining us, wisely I think, to spend our leisure in devotion to art, nature and love, and so "fettering" it with good advice.

All systems of philosophy, as we have seen before, do the same. They all resolve themselves into injunctions to live in this way rather than in that. None of them succeeds in escaping into a world where there are no obligations. Even those which end in a doctrine of complete emancipation will be found to be categorical imperatives in disguise. Sometimes there is no disguise about the matter at all. What imperative could be more explicit than "eat and drink, for to-morrow ye die"? What more minatory or dreadful? Asceticism has never issued a harsher command in the most fanatical of its excesses. It bids me eat my victuals as if I were in a mortuary. To eat and drink I am willing enough, especially when hunger and thirst impel me; but when the shadow of death is spread over the feast I lose appetite; the meats turn putrid and the drinks go sour. If my leisure is to be spent under the government of such a rule, I would prefer to have none. Our anti-moralists are hard masters.

And there is another aspect of the matter not to be overlooked. When we are eating and drinking in obedience to the anti-moralist's command, a thought

should be given to those others who have furnished the viands that load our tables and pressed out the wine that fills our cups. Our "Ethic of Consumption" will not be complete if we leave them out of the account. It may be that in enjoying our own leisure we are playing the very devil with theirs. One is reminded of the three mighty men who risked their lives to bring David a draught of water from the well in Bethlehem "which is by the gate." David, it will be remembered, thirsty as he was, refused to drink it, and poured it out unto the Lord. "Shall I drink the blood of the three mighty men who went in jeopardy of their lives?" A significant contribution to the doctrine of leisure.

The rules which govern the great game of playing the man, the only game that is ultimately worth playing, apply both to labour and to leisure. The finest sorts of work and the finest sorts of play are hard to distinguish from one another. It is only on their lower levels that work and play stand in contrast. On their highest level they become two names for the same thing, and the word "art" indicates the point where they converge. If a Leisure Party were to be formed to correspond to the Labour Party now in existence—and I think it would be a desirable thing—the two parties would presently find they had the same policy, that of raising the whole work of the community to the level of a fine art, governed by the single principle of playing the man, and so kill the two birds, the La-

bour Problem and the Leisure Problem, with a single stone.

May we not discern in all this a hint as to what might be done with that mass of state-supported leisure called unemployment? I am not going to suggest that the unemployed should be sent back *en masse* to their school books and made to sit on forms in front of a blackboard—though some of them might be none the worse even for that. I suggest, rather, that the State which supports all this leisure has some claim on the leisure it supports. The Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Education, which now seem to be out of touch with one another, should lay their heads together with a view to finding some reasonable mode of exercising that claim. Take the young men and women, for example, now so liberally supported by the dole. Might not the State reasonably say to them, "You are not at liberty to spend the whole of your leisure in roaming about the streets, getting into mischief and learning the art of birth control. A part of it you shall spend in acquiring other arts—some kind of skill, some kind of aptitude, some kind of qualification for playing a man or a woman's part in the world. You shall be taught the elements of physical culture in which most of you are lamentably deficient. You shall learn the use of your hands, of your eyes, of your voices, of your whole bodies. You shall learn to breathe, to walk, to stand, to carry yourselves upright, to throw the weight of your bodies on to the centres which nature has designed

for bearing them. This at least you shall learn. And if any of you have other aptitudes—a fine hand for craftsmanship, a voice for singing, an eye for form, or even a love for books—you too shall have your chance. And here are the schools where skilled instructors are waiting to operate. Enter them, and the dole shall be yours; but not before." Would not this be better than the present plan of giving them money and then turning them loose like sheep without a shepherd, to solve the leisure problem, and the sex problem, and many other problems as best they can?

This proposal would certainly cause the loss of many thousands of votes to any party which had the temerity to bring it forward. Which may remind the reader of what was said earlier on, that nobody should take up with the ideas in this book unless he is prepared to lose.

As illustrating the intimate reactions between leisure and labour and the difficulty of drawing a sharp line between the two the following incident seems not inappropriate.

A schoolmaster of my acquaintance had recently introduced into his school a system of physical exercises based on a technique both beautiful and scientific. I asked him what was the good of it. "Well," he said, "it teaches the boys to think with their whole bodies, and not only with their brains, and by doing that it makes them fit for their lessons." "But don't your games do that?" I asked. "No," he answered; "after a football match they

show a tendency to go to sleep at evening preparation, and the Latin prose next morning always shows signs of it. But after an hour or two of this new thing they come to their work unfatigued and keen as mustard. And I may tell you," he added, "they enjoy it to the top of their bent."

Our schoolmaster had made a discovery which marks the dawn of a new era in education—the possibility of teaching human beings to think *with their whole bodies*, by means of a discipline both delightful and severe. This, I think, is the first step towards "the regeneration of man" mentioned in the first chapter. It needs to be followed up, and if followed up will lead us far.

VII

THE ROAD TO ENJOYMENT[1]

A TRUE STORY EXAGGERATED TO MAKE IT TRUER

"If you annalize what most men kall plezzure you will find it compozed of one part humbugg and two parts pain."

JOSH BILLINGS, *Sollum Thoughts.*

THE place where this story began to take shape was the main line platform of the chief station in Smokeover. That city, I will remind the reader, is the dwelling-place of at least a million human beings, making their pilgrimage, by manifold routes, between "two silent eternities." Smokeover is famed the world over for the depth and breadth of its smoke canopy and for the acridness of its smoke, which penetrates to the very cellars and spreads to the farthest suburbs. It has also the best equipped of modern universities, the finest Art Gallery out of London, and the most efficient sewage system in the whole world. The municipal debt is the largest in the kingdom, and the rates are 15*s.* in the £.

The time was 3 p.m. on the Saturday preceding an August Bank Holiday. On Bank Holidays,

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Smokeover empties itself of its human contents, empties itself in rivers and torrents which flow outwards in all directions, and joining with similar rivers and torrents from other cities pour themselves out into the various pleasure resorts of the British public. This emptying process, I need hardly say, is one which involves an enormous amount of human labour to carry it out, and as much more when the rivers and torrents flow backwards on the following Monday night. It is what theologians call a *Kenosis*, which is Greek for making oneself empty, though I must confess that theology has little to do with the Kenosis of Smokeover on a Bank Holiday.

At three o'clock on that August afternoon the Kenosis of Smokeover was in full swing. From end to end of its long length the main line platform was chock-a-block with a crowd of both sexes and all ages, waiting for an express train of through carriages to various points on the coast. It was a well-behaved crowd, as you would expect in Smokeover, but not overjoyous, as you would expect in Great Britain, where the people, as we know, are wont to take their pleasures somewhat sadly. Had it been in France, I think the crowd would have managed somehow to get up a dance while waiting for the train. But Smokeover is not given to that kind of thing. Scanning the faces, as far as I could see them, I thought they wore—the women's faces especially—a look of anxiety, caused no doubt by the uncertainty of finding places for themselves and

their children in the already crowded train. Its last stopping place before reaching Smokeover would be a town named Everstrike, where the population is half a million and the rates 18*s.* in the £—which also has a Kenosis on Bank Holiday.

On the platform stood I, a unit in the enormous mass; and by the side of me, so close that neither of us could spread our elbows, stood my pessimistic friend. For many years it has been our practice to spend Bank Holiday together; he, because he finds my optimism a challenge to his pessimism; I, because his pessimism acts similarly on me. By joining issue on the lines of his pessimism and my optimism, we generally manage to enjoy our Bank Holiday, no matter what the weather may be, nor what discomforts we may have to put up with in trains and lodging houses; though I must confess that sometimes, in the heat of our arguments, we forget to look at the scenery. There is something about Bank Holiday which provokes that kind of argument; it is an interesting argument, and the man is fortunate who can fall back upon it as a refuge from the sorrows, contradictions and trials which so often overtake us in the course of our holiday amusements. He is fortunate if he possesses a pessimistic friend to share those amusements with him.

I imagine that most of us can claim such a friend, either as an external neighbour or as an internal resident within the breast. In either case, we who are optimistic should treat that pessimistic friend as

our "beautiful enemy," loving him as we love ourselves, but giving him blow for blow and not yielding one hair's breadth to his attack. Nobody is entitled to call himself an optimist until he has slain a pessimist and has his scalp, freshly torn, hanging up in his wigwam; by preference, the pessimist within, though I must add the warning that whoever slays the pessimist within must be prepared for his coming to life again soon afterwards. In which case there is nothing for it but to slay him a second time. Optimism, as I define it, is the continuous slaying of pessimism, and not worth a jot if achieved in any other way. But to proceed.

The pessimist and I were in this posture, standing precariously on the edge of the platform and constantly craning forward to get a view of the tunnel mouth from which the train, now due, would emerge, when the porter who had charge of my bags forced his way to our side and imparted the news that the train was already an hour late at some intermediate station. Our sorrows had begun.

At this news my friend and I looked into each other's faces, and I observed that his face, never a short one, had become considerably longer. "Our Bank Holiday," he said, "is not beginning very well." "Cheer up," I answered, "no doubt we shall get there in course of time." "Get *where?*" he asked. "The Coast," said I. "I thought you meant Smokeover Cemetery," said he. "I wish I had stayed at home. No place like home for easy travel to the cemetery." I made no reply, contenting my-

self with the reflection that my friend was in good pessimistic form and foreseeing an enjoyable Bank Holiday for both of us, notwithstanding the untoward conditions of the moment.

About an hour afterwards we found ourselves, with nine other distressed holiday-makers, not counting three babies, in the guard's van; he sitting on a bundle of golf clubs (from which the guard subsequently removed him with objurgations), I on a box that bore the name of a well-known London confectioner, and which, from the low temperature it communicated—a pleasant sensation in that close atmosphere—I judged to contain ice-cream.

"I wonder," said my friend, "which of us two is doing most to diminish the pleasures of his fellow-men on Bank Holiday—I by sitting on the golf clubs (I heard one of them go crack), or you by warming up that box of ice-cream?"

I had to confess that neither of us, at the moment, was doing much to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number; but I excused it on the ground that the greatest number, as represented by the company in the guard's van, and by our present circumstances in general, did not seem to be very active in promoting *ours*. "As a matter of moral principle," I added, "I claim to be absolved from the duty of promoting the happiness of my fellow-men except on the understanding that they are equally promoting mine. I fail to see them doing so at the present moment."

This remark, I will admit, was not quite sincere. It was made with the object of enticing my friend into a region where I knew he would enjoy himself, and where I, too, would enjoy myself in listening to him, in spite of the five hours of misery we had to endure before our arrival at the coast. It was, in fact, a little dodge of mine for promoting both his happiness and my own, under the untoward conditions in the guard's van. For, like most pessimists, my friend is never so happy as when a chance is given him to pour scorn upon happiness. I knew he would fall into the trap.

"How curious," said he, "that your idea of heaven should be that of a place where everybody is busy promoting the happiness of everybody else. That is my notion of hell. No doubt it would begin with celestial hand-shaking, but it would end in diabolical quarrels."

"How so?" I asked.

"Don't you see," he said, "that under these conditions everybody who found himself unhappy would at once lay the blame of it on his fellow-men and begin accusing them of not having promoted his happiness *enough*. A world that we expect to make us happy is a world that all of us would perpetually revile. Listen to what these people are saying in the guard's van. Are they not at this moment reviling the Company *for not providing an extra train to the coast*? They expected the Company to make them happy on their Bank Holiday, according to the promise on its advertisements.

But the Company has not made them happy *enough*, and, as that old gentleman just said, they would like to hang the directors out of hand. And not one of the donkeys has the wit to see that it's all his own fault for not staying at home. That is what the whole world would come to if everybody were agreed to promote the happiness of everybody else. We should never be able to do it to each other's satisfaction. People talk of going to hell after they die. But are not you and I in hell at the present moment? And what has brought us there? Our insane expectation that a railway company can make us happy. So far as I am concerned, if I heard that somebody was coming to my house for the purpose of promoting my happiness, I would flee to the uttermost parts of the earth to get out of his way."

I think this last remark was given as a quotation, but I missed the name of the author, for at that moment pandemonium was let loose upon us. The train had pulled up at the platform of a large station, where another crowd was waiting for it; the doors of the guard's van were flung open, three four-wheeled perambulators were hurriedly thrust in, followed by an assault of distracted women and a storming party of the Church Brigade under the leadership of a clergyman in khaki, who heeded our cries of "Full up" no more than as if they had been his Bishop's reprimand for burning incense.

It was a notable addition to our miseries, but it seemed to make no difference to the pessimist, who doubtless regarded our situation as entirely in har-

mony with the general nature of the Universe, which is always, as every pessimist knows, as bad as bad can be. Almost without a break he continued his discourse, and I felt particularly glad that the clergyman, whose right ear was only a few inches from the pessimist's mouth, should hear what he had to say. He warmed rapidly to his subject, like an orator addressing a public meeting, and the whole vanful of miserable pleasure-seekers became his audience. There was only one interruption, when the uppermost of the perambulators, which had been piled behind the pessimist, toppled over sideways on to our shoulders and lay supported there for some minutes before it could be removed, with its wheels about our necks. I believe the pessimist employed the interval in rearranging the heads of his discourse. At all events, he resumed it at the moment his own head emerged from under the perambulator, and proceeded without a break until the train arrived at the coast, where, I am sorry to say, the rain was coming down in torrents. My excellent memory would enable me to reproduce the exact words of what he said to us, but I shall content myself with the substance.

"Friends all," said the pessimist, "you and I at the present moment are in a miserable condition. Of course we expect to have a good itme when we get to the coast, though I doubt if we shall, for I see the promise in the sky of a wet week-end. But we are not enjoying ourselves *now*. Our condition

in this guard's van is not very different from that of the people in the Black Hole of Calcutta. Foul air, bad smells, ugly sights, deafening noises—such is our portion. Are we not passing at this moment through the most beautiful scenery in Wales? Well, I am not enjoying it very much. Are *you*? Our condition is not favourable for contemplating the beauties of Nature. Nor are we enjoying one another. Do we *love* one another? Did we love the clergyman here when we saw him storming the van at the head of his Church Brigade? Did we not all shout 'Full up' and try to keep him out? Have we ever loved our neighbours less than we love one another here and now? Will anybody in the van deny that the closer you bring people together the more they hate one another? ('No, no,' from the clergyman.) Are there not *too many of us* in this van, just as there are too many of us in Smokeover and will be too many of us on the coast, where, believe me, it will be hard to get a cup of tea, and the beds not enough to go round, and some of us will have to sleep to-night in the station waiting-room? If half the people in this van were suddenly to vanish out of existence, would it not be an immense relief to those of us who were left? (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear,' and 'You go first.') Are there not too many of us *everywhere*, so that none of us can enjoy himself as he wants to without another fellow getting in your way, or queering your pitch, or poking his knee into your stomach, or breathing his breath into your face? Where's the fun of being

everlastingly in such a beastly crowd? And all these modern inventions—big towns, factories, railways, motor traffic, telephones, wireless, and all the rest of it—what are they but opportunities for getting in one another's way, jamming us all together closer and bringing us into collision with a lot of people whom we wish the devil would fly away with, just as everybody in this van is wishing the devil would fly away with everybody else and leave him room to spread his elbows and get a breath of fresh air. 'Love your neighbour as you love yourself,' says this clergyman on Sunday. Did he practise that when he stormed the van with a dozen boys at his heels? I tell you there is only one good Christian among us—that's the guard, who has never lost his temper, except when he swore at me for breaking the golf club. (A voice: 'He'll go to Heaven.') He will, no matter what denomination he belongs to." (Here the guard, who had heard this last remark—he was intended to hear it—very obligingly called out the name of his denomination. I think we all made a mental note of the name, though, for obvious reasons, I refrain from introducing it into this report.)

"And now," the pessimist went on, "what is the source of this misery and torture we are enduring? My friends, it all comes from the idiotic notions we have of the *road to enjoyment*. There is nothing in this world about which we are so ignorant and helpless. Take the overcrowding to begin with. Take the fact that there are too many of us in this

van, too many in Smokeover, and too many everywhere else. Over-population is what I mean. What is the origin of over-population, and of the miseries that follow from that? Unfortunately, the question is one that cannot be discussed in the presence of these ladies. (Loud cries of 'Go on.') No, sir, I will not go on. No, madam, I will not explain myself. No, sir; no, madam! Unless you can see for yourselves that a fool's notion of happiness accounts for most of us coming into the world, just as it accounts for our being where we are at this moment, you know nothing of what you ought to know, and I leave you to your ignorance. (Loud laughter, mingled with cries of dissent.) But I will tell you what I consider the fundamental injustice of modern society. It is the liberty that fools enjoy to people the world with as many more fools as they please, while the few wise men and women, who are the only people with any rights to the reproduction of their species, have to put up with all that chance to come, and be packed cheek by jowl with them all, as you and I are packed at this moment, and be taxed to educate them, and to give them doles when they are out of work, as most of them are sure to be, and then be told by the parsons to love them all as we love ourselves. Shameful, I call it—the last especially.

"Happiness, did somebody say? Did I hear that ridiculous word? I tell you, madam, for I think it was a lady who spoke, that the quest for happiness has caused more misery than all other causes put to-

gether. Show me what miseries you please, madam —slums, wars, bloodshed, crime, disease, poverty, dirt, ugliness, grinding toil—and I will undertake in two minutes to convince the thickest head in this van that the root and cause of it all is some block-head's notion of the way to be happy. What else has condemned us all to five hours' suffocation in this abominable hole? Let me give you a word of advice. Never entrust your happiness to the keeping of other people. ('Hear, hear.') Depend on no man to *make* you happy—neither on Bank Holiday nor any other day. It's all a dodge to get your money, and if you don't know it now, you *will* know it on Monday night when you go back to Smokeover with empty pockets, yourselves tired out and your children with stomach-ache, or the measles beginning. Not one in a hundred is intelligent enough to look after his own happiness, to say nothing of yours. Besides, if all the human happiness now in existence were thrown into a common stock and shared up in equal parts for everybody, how many happy people would there be in the world? Not one, believe me! If your share and mine were to come in through the window at this moment, they would be so small that we shouldn't be conscious of the difference. That baby would still be crying, and the lady (God bless her) who is trying to quieten it would still be wishing she had stayed at home, and the boy in the Church Brigade with the white face, who has just been sick, would still be looking as though he was going to be sick again,

just as he is now, and the guard would still be thanking God that August Bank Holiday came only once a year.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I perceive that we are now drawing near to the coast. Before terminating the present phase of our holiday sufferings and entering upon the next—for you will observe that the rain is falling in torrents—I beg you remember the guard in particular, not forgetting the denomination to which he belongs, and to think charitably of all those others whose labours have contributed to your safe arrival at your holiday destination, and who will contribute to your so-called amusement now that you are arrived—the engine-driver, the signal-men, the clerks in the booking-office, the miners who dug the coals which have driven the train, the furnace-men who forged the rails on which it has run at fifty miles an hour, the landladies who will make your beds, the waiters and waitresses who will be run off their legs before nightfall, the barmaids who will draw the beer for which most of us are thirsting, and the brewers who brewed it; the cooks, the confectioners, the butchers, the dish-washers, and all the other merry souls whose job it will be to make you happy this day and clear up the mess when you go home. Of all these ministers to your enjoyment, and of the toilers who stand behind them in ever-widening ranks until the whole earth is encircled, I bid you think charitably this day! Reflect, I beseech you, on the enormous toil that is laid upon your fellow-

men in order that forty million British people, mostly fools, as everybody knows, may be furnished with all they are pleased to need in the way of goods to consume and services to help them play the fool for a single Bank Holiday. Is the game worth the candle? I, for one, answer no!"

We had arrived at the coast. The van was empty, and the only one of our companions in suffering besides myself who heard that final "no" of the pessimist was the clergyman, who had lingered behind the rest of his Brigade to hear the peroration. I think the clergyman went away sorrowful. But the guard, who had been an attentive listener throughout, was delighted, and declared that he had never heard a better sermon. At parting the two shook hands, and I saw the guard lay his hand, in a paternal manner, on the pessimist's shoulder and heard him say something, which I took to be one of the tenets of his denomination.

The pessimist and I proceeded under a common umbrella to our hotel, where our rooms had been engaged a month before. I said nothing, but consoled myself with the thought that one of our company, at all events, had thoroughly enjoyed himself on his journey to the coast. It was the pessimist.

VIII

THE CO-EDUCATION OF MIND AND BODY

IF THE British character were to lose that part of its morals, summarized in the rule of "playing the game," which has been acquired on the playing-fields, and left only with what it owes to moral philosophers and the various agencies which interpret their teachings, I doubt if we should long be able to hold up our head among the nations. There would be a marked decrease of self-respect, an increase of all the meaner vices, and "British credit" would sink very low. It would be a national disaster of the first magnitude. Those who desire the downfall of the Empire would effect their purpose almost at once if they could persuade the British people that "playing the game" counts for nothing. As a bulwark against blackguardism in general, I doubt if the British character has any more effective than its respect for the rule of "playing the game."

Having said so much, the reader will not suspect me of proposing, in what follows, to eliminate the sportsmanlike element from our national morality, or even of underrating the value of "athletics." On the contrary, what I have here to suggest would

tend to foster that element, and to make sportsmanship more sportsmanlike rather than less.

My suggestion is that a sound physical culture (which is not the same as athletic training) should be made accessible, along with mental culture, to all classes of the community, that it should form an integral part of our national system in all its stages, and be as "compulsory" as anything else.

The crowd of spectators that watches the Derby and bets on the horses would be none the worse as "sportsmen" if every one of them had been taught to carry himself upright, to control the movements of his legs and arms, to breathe naturally, to govern his voice and to speak distinctly. As it is, the physical condition of the crowd, as judged by these elementary standards of physical culture, seems to me quite deplorable, and even that part of the crowd which frequents the Paddock and the Grandstand, in spite of the well-cut clothes and pretty dresses, is not above criticism.

When I am faced by the problem of grafting mental culture on to physical conditions such as these, my heart sinks within me. One can see at a glance that the greater part of the crowd are positively inhibited, by the disorderly condition of their bodies, from taking any interest in the orderly things of the spirit. What concern for the harmonies of Truth and Beauty, one may well ask, can ever inhibit bodies so distracted and anarchic? I am convinced that we have, in the bedraggled physique of our town-bred population, one of the

chief reasons why popular education, administered in the one-sided "mental" form, has failed to produce the effects expected of it. To make mental culture accessible to all classes of the community and to leave physical culture inaccessible or unprovided for, is to leave the job half done and invite a dismal failure. The two things need to be co-ordinated and carried on together.

The next step forward in the development of popular education might well be taken in that direction. There are hopeful signs in this country, and I observe elsewhere a growth of public interest in the matter, accompanied by the adoption of definite measures, notably in Scandinavia, in Germany, in Czecko-Slovakia and in Italy. A thoughtful observer returned from Italy, where he had witnessed an exhibition of physical culture, in which ten thousand young people from all parts of the country had taken part, described it as "the dawn of a new era in education." To this may be added a remark made by the Head Mistress of a large village school in England where rhythmic dancing has been introduced as a daily exercise: "The children take to it," she writes, "as a fish takes to water. You would be surprised at the difference it has made. Their discipline has improved, and they take more interest in their lessons. You can see the effect also on the games in the playground. It has raised the temperature of the whole school."

In schools and colleges frequented by the chil-

dren of the well-to-do, mind-culture goes on side by side with an ardent devotion to games and athletics. So far as games and athletics provide for the culture of the body, these institutions cannot be accused of neglecting it. But in spite of all that can be said of games as hygienically beneficent, and morally valuable in promoting the team spirit, or of the intelligence and skill demanded in many of them, there can be no doubt that the two types of culture are essentially unco-ordinated, and fall far short of a real co-education of mind and body. They have drifted apart, and issue in different types not easily combined—the scholar on the one hand, the efficient barbarian on the other.

The foreign observer who described the education of Oxford as "the training of clergymen on the mental side and the training of policemen on the body side" may have used language too picturesque, but was not far wrong in the main intention of his words. Even in that august institution we may observe that, while the dons take a keen and friendly interest in the performances of the athletes, the athletes are somewhat indifferent to the performances of the dons, except when they happen to stray beyond the professional sphere; nor can I remember a Head Masters' Conference which has not revealed the consciousness of antimony between the cultural and the athletic interests of their schools. Were the culture of mind and body a real co-education, as it seems to have been in the best practice of

the Greeks, this discrepancy would be overcome, and poets might appear at the Olympic games, as in ancient Greece, to the great advantage of sportsmanship in general. But before that could happen there would have to be a change in the *physique* of the crowd which frequents such exhibitions. The mind-culture now administered in primary and secondary schools takes another direction.

Mind-culture and body-culture fell apart long ago under the influence of a theory, religious in its origin, according to which the mind is immeasurably superior to the body; the mind celestial, the body terrestrial; the mind a pure essence, the body its enemy, or a "muddy vesture of decay," in which the mind is doomed to be clothed for a season. Our educational practice is still in the grip of that fatal tradition, though every enlightened educator knows it to be false.

That the body is essentially vile, as the funeral service asserts, is true when it has become a corpse and decomposition is about to begin. But when alive and normally functioning it is, of all visible objects in the Universe, the most fearfully and wonderfully made, and may be justly reckoned the masterpiece of creation, designed for a creativeness akin to that of its Creator. Has not the time come when educators should purge their practice of the last traces of a tradition which had its origin in the Manichæan conception of the living body as a corpse with a soul inside it? The change would be more revolutionary than some of us imagine.

The co-education of mind and body would embrace physiological hygiene, the importance of which is sufficiently recognized and needs no propaganda of mine. It would include all that the Bishop or the Mayor has in mind when he discourses to the boys at the annual prize-giving on *mens sana in corpore sano*. But it would go much farther. Children and adults alike would be trained to think with their whole bodies, as children now are in the kindergarten—a change of which "the Art of Thinking" (as Dr. Graham Wallas aptly names it) would feel the benefit, from the humblest exercise of commonsense to the farthest bounds of philosophic speculation. It would be recognized that perfect health is not to be defined alone in terms of sound sleep, good digestion, muscular strength and animal spirits, but demands in addition an organization, an economy, a self-control not to be attained without careful training, and, beyond all that, the development of the finer aptitudes for self-expression in creative forms. The human body is naturally *skill-hungry*, and until that hunger is satisfied it will be ill at ease, craving for something it has not got and seeking its satisfactions in external excitements which exhaust its vitality and diminish its capacity for joy. Short of skill, the perfect health even of the body is impossible.

This is not the place to enter into the details of technique. Sufficient to say that the technique exists and is accessible. Forms of physical culture are al-

ready in practice which train the whole body as an instrument of self-expression and self-control, teaching it the harmony and dignity of normal movement, both singly and in concerted operations of great beauty, and making all this fundamental to higher activities, a growing point for many arts, of which the "art of thinking" is not the least. At all points control is ranked above effort, economy of expenditure above the force expended and the normal performance above the exceptional feat, to walk with the minimum fatigue being held more important than to run with the maximum speed, to speak the mother tongue with easy articulation than to utter a shout that can be heard a mile off, to breathe naturally than to hold one's breath for ten minutes under water. Strength of course is aimed at, but a strength that shows itself in economy rather than expense, in balance than strain, in versatility than violence—a different thing from the strength needed for a boat race or a prize fight, with the danger of relapse into low conditions afterwards.

Such a type of culture needs to be made accessible to every member of the community, with beneficent reactions on the three R's, on "getting to know the best that has been thought and said," or whatever else the mind operator might have to contribute to the education of the whole man. No "system of education" is complete without it, least of all the system known as "elementary," but which, in truth,

is no more elementary than the printing press which has rendered it necessary.

To those who view education in its social bearings the importance of what is here advocated will be self-evident, though it will doubtless run counter to the prepossessions of the academic mind. As I have said before, Matthew Arnold was completely right in contending that the alternative then (as now) before society is that between "Culture" and "Anarchy." And the anarchy of the body is no less pernicious than the anarchy of the mind.

But Arnold erred in supposing, or leaving his readers to suppose, that anarchy could be overcome by a culture which consists exclusively, or even predominantly, in "getting to know the best that has been thought and said"—the culture of book-say and hear-say. The "study of perfection," Arnold's alternative definition of culture, apart from the practice of perfection, is of little avail. And the practice of perfection is not initiated by learning the three R's nor by anything which proceeds from those useful acquisitions. It begins much deeper down, in acquisitions which should be called "elemental" rather than "elementary." For want of a sound elemental education which aims at developing the fundamental virtue of self-control, with others allied to it,[1] democracy is moving towards a disaster which elementary education of the book-say and hear-say type will rather hasten than avert.

The Minister of Education and the Minister of

[1] They are named in the last paragraph but one.

Health should lay their heads together. Out of their joint deliberations a programme might arise for developing the *skill* of the people which, as I have often insisted, is the greatest of the nation's undeveloped assets and the foundation of health both for body and mind.

IX

THE BEGINNINGS OF SELF-CONTROL

"Given a world of knaves to evolve an honesty from their united action."—CARLYLE.

THE above description of a well-known ethical theory may be applied to many other theories which have come out of the same stable. As thus: given a world of blockheads to evolve wisdom out of their common deliberations; or, given a world of individuals incapable of self-control to evolve a self-controlling community by giving them all the vote.

In current expositions of self-government, which is of course the essence of democracy, too much emphasis is laid on the first part of the word, "self," and too little on the second, "government." Otherwise the obvious truth would never have been overlooked—and many of us are in the habit of overlooking it—that a self-governing community can only exist when the individuals composing it have learnt at least the elements of self-control—with due emphasis on the second half of the word. Giving everybody the vote is no substitute for this, but will only make matters worse, since the wise use of one's vote demands as much self-control as

anything else we do in life. A community which political operators can lead by the nose, or which succumbs to mass bribery at election times, is clearly not a self-*governing* community, no matter how widely the franchise be extended. It is governed by those who offer the bribes, and is better described as self-abandoned than as self-governed.

If this reasoning be sound, it follows that a system of education appropriate to a self-governing community, in other words to democracy, will aim first and foremost at developing the self-control of the individual citizen as the quality without which the rest of his education is more likely than not to lead him astray from the paths of good citizenship and to make him the readier victim of mass bribery when votes are wanted. For mass bribery, as anybody may see who studies its ways, does not operate by playing upon ignorance. It operates by playing upon *weak wills*, and the instruments it makes use of are the catchwords of the imperfect knowledge which the voter has picked up in the course of a book-say and hear-say "education."

This is the main reason which led me in the foregoing essay to lay so much stress on the training of the body as a necessary element in public education, and indeed as the proper definition of that stage in education known as "elementary." I have little faith in the value of "moral instruction classes," or the general practice of teaching morals by verbal pressure, unless they are accompanied by actual "field work" in the morals taught. This is especially

true when the virtue in question is self-control, which of course is the indispensable condition of all the rest. Here we have a field ready to hand and open at every stage of education from the first to the last—the human body. By the application of appropriate methods the human body can be trained to a degree of self-control which does not guarantee, indeed, that the possessor of it will become either a hero or a saint, or even *not* become a blackguard, but does give promise of further growth, like a seed sown in good ground or a tree planted in its native soil. This is the natural beginning for education in self-control and therewith of its concomitant—self-respect. The following incident may give us a hint of what the social repercussions of it would be.

An Italian youth, who had been trained under the system I have been advocating, was offered a job as call-boy by a friend of mine in a large house in Rome. His reply was, "Ah no, Signor, a thousand thanks, but I would rather die of hunger. My body has been trained for something better than that!" *Ex pede Herculem.* One of the effects certain to follow from the co-education of mind and body would be a growing disinclination of young people to take up blind-alley occupations, and all occupations which "exhaust the body without interesting the mind," which perhaps is the only way in which such occupations will ever come to an end, or be reduced within the limits compatible with a high civilization.

Whatever reasons a self-governing community may have for making the three R's compulsory exist in greater force for making this compulsory also. It is one of the anomalies of the present situation, that while the people have assented to compulsory education, they have had little or no voice in determining the form education is to take. It has been decided over their heads, on traditional lines. They have had as little to do with this, the vital part of the whole matter, as they had with the restoration of the gold standard or with the amount of the German reparations, but have had to content themselves with what the experts judged to be best and what the existing machinery was capable of giving. This last has been a determining factor throughout, limiting the action of experts at every point where reform was necessary, so that even now, if a popular demand were to arise for the co-education of mind and body, they would have to reply that "existing schools are not adapted for the purpose," and that no body of teachers competent to give it can be found.

But this difficulty is not insuperable, and will certainly be overcome when the public has learnt to value education at its proper worth, and to make its voice effective, not only in demanding that education shall be given, but also in defining the direction education shall take.

Whatever failures may be alleged against the present system, it has at least succeeded in awakening the intelligence of the people to the point of

recognizing its adequacy and demanding something more effective. But what that "something more effective" may be they have not yet clearly discerned. By way of helping to clear the matter up, I suggest that consideration be given to the meaning of the phrase here so frequently made use of—the co-education of mind and body—as the possible "dawn of a new era in education."

X

"EDUCATION AND SEX"

"If man be nurtured inadequately or ill he is the wildest offspring of mother earth."—PLATO.

IN ALLOTTING a separate chapter to "Education and Sex," I run a risk of giving countenance to what seems to me the least satisfactory method of dealing with sex in educational practice—the method which isolates it, makes it into a separate chapter or "subject," and devises special forms of attack upon the "problem" it presents.

The outstanding fault of our present system, as I have said before, is the piecemeal character of its operations, the breaking up of education into a multitude of "subjects," so specialized and separated one from another that the needs of the "whole man," which ought to be paramount at every stage, are successively lost sight of and the man, in his wholeness, left uneducated when the business is done. But in nothing else is the piecemeal method more mischievous than when sex is put down on the list and treated as an isolated subject of instruction. Not only do we give it thereby a dangerous prominence which may defeat the object we have in view, but we may be very sure that the men and women whose

sex life is an unco-ordinated chapter in their general walk and conversation, governed by principles peculiar to itself, if governed at all, will make a sad mess of it. If the paradox may be pardoned, I deal with the matter in a separate chapter for the purpose of pleading, negatively, that it ought not to be so separated in educational practice. Here, if anywhere, "the whole man" is deeply involved.

On the positive side, my plea will be for a synthetic plan of operations, which aims at vitalizing the whole man, as the best that education can do for him in this matter. Sex vice, I would urge, is the inevitable concomitant of devitalized personality, which piecemeal education does nothing to prevent and may do much to promote. Neither taboos, nor moral imperatives, nor scientific instruction can prevent the prevalence of sex vice in a society whose members have lapsed into a C3 condition of body and mind. Sound sex conduct, and none the less animated for being sound, than which no part of conduct is more important (the reader may call it sex virtue, if he will), is to be expected only in a community where the tide of vitality is full and running in the channels of excellent achievement. To produce that condition, the A1 condition of mind and body, as characteristic of the community, is the business of education. In pursuing it education will take the sex problem in its stride.

It may be noticed in passing that the "separate-chapter" method in education has an analogy in the field of religion, and with similar results. Religion,

like education, has got itself distributed into "subjects," the two procedures being variant examples of the same habit. Religion "and This," Religion "and That" has become in these days a familiar form of title in the chapter-headings of religious books and the announcements of religious conferences—a series of piecemeal applications, in the course of which the true nature of religion, as essentially an affair of *the whole man*, of man in his integrity, gets lost sight of altogether. To make the parallel complete, I have before me an elaborate treatise on "Religion and Sex," of which it can only be said that the result of the author's zeal in applying religion to sex is to make it inapplicable to anything else. In dealing with "Education and Sex" we may easily fall into the same onesidedness. Religion does apply to sex, and so does education, but in isolating the part from the whole the application is missed.

The presence of the sex element as an actuating force in the life of individuals and in the history of civilizations, furthering their progress or hastening their downfall, as the case may be, is universal, perpetual and irresistible. *Quod semper, ubique et ab omnibus* is the preface to any description that may be given of the part sex plays in human life.

There is no force more powerful, but none more lawless, more impatient of control, whether by science, morality or religion, none more capable of overriding, without notice given, whatever restric-

tions may be put upon it. The notion, now widely prevalent, that science offered under the form of "sex knowledge" will succeed in taming it, when morality and religion have failed, is a delusion of sophisticated minds. The passions which inflame the lover's proceedings are well-nigh untamable, like the wild ass, the hurricane or the earthquake, and care no more for science, but less, than for ancient taboos. They have their origin in the depths of the universe and beat with the force of nature's pulse. Their dwelling-place is the hinterland of human life, and thence they issue at unexpected moments to ravage the best-laid schemes of men, beneficently or otherwise. Art may possibly canalize these outbursts in the direction of Beauty—and here, as we shall see, there is hope—but science is impotent in their presence. The savage elders know what they have to deal with when they whip their children till the blood flows before initiating them into "the mysteries of sex."

When this is recognized we shall have less of the "science of birth control" and more of the art which gives the *whole* man (or the *whole* woman) control over himself. We may rest assured that departmental attacks, whether by science or religion, which isolate the sex problem from its general context in human life, will only serve to intensify its evils by sophisticating them. For the sex-danger is at its greatest when sophistication gets to work upon it, as all may see who will take the trouble to look around them. As handled by sophisticators the "sex

problem" is not unlikely to involve civilization in ruin.

In the fresco-painting of the Orphic ritual to which I referred in a previous chapter—and Orphism, it may here be noted, seems to have exercised a profound influence on the origin of Christianity—initiation into the mystery of death is immediately preceded by initiation into the mystery of sex.

This juxtaposition of the two mysteries—and such they are—is significant. It is repeated by Watts in his picture of Love and Death, where the sex element is beautifully obvious, and by many poets, notably by Andrew Marvell who, after chanting the delights of love to his "coy mistress," breaks out thus:

> "But at my back I always hear
> Death's wingèd chariot hurrying near.
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity."

Love has an intimate relation with death. There never was a love-relation, however romantic, but it owed something of its meaning to the knowledge that "you and I are destined to part." "The Lord do so to me and more also if aught save death shall part between me and thee," is the language of love apprehending the certainty that death will part the lovers, though unparted by all else. *Hinc illae lachrymae:* "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

I have elsewhere sought to show,[1] that while in one sense there is nothing of which we think less than of death, there is another sense in which we never cease to think of it. Awareness of death is integral to the structure of our thinking. All our thinking refers to a death-ended life, to a death-ended experience, and takes form or colour accordingly, though we may be normally unaware of it. The *timing* of our experience, in which so much of its meaning consists, gets its pace from the general time limitations within which all our thinking, feeling and acting must get themselves transacted. Some of us live "fast" lives, and others deem it more prudent to "go slow," but there would be no meaning in either procedure, and no reason for preferring the one to the other, but for the time limit that bounds them both. The halting of the slow and the hasting of the fast take their timing from the same calendar:

> "A moment's Halt—a momentary taste
> Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
> And Lo! the phantom caravan has reached
> The Nothing it set out from—oh, make haste!"

In this sense there is nothing of which all men think *more* than of Death.

The same may be said with little variation about sex. Men and women are not always consciously thinking about sex any more than they are always consciously thinking about death. There are certain periods of life, indeed, mostly in youth, when sex

[1] *The Inner Sentinel*, chap. xx.

becomes a conscious, or half-conscious, obsession, dominating the whole mentality, just as there are other periods, mostly in old age, when death steps from the background to the foreground of consciousness. One might even venture to say of sex, as Spinoza said of death, that there is nothing of which a wise man thinks less. But every word in the saying would have to be rigidly defined, and the "wise" people to whom it is finally applicable would not be easily found. Even Mrs. Grundy appears to have been (I hear she is dead and therefore use the past tense) a married woman, and to have thought of sex quite as much as other people, though perhaps more severely. The word "wise," in particular, would have to be defined so closely that by the time our definition was complete the category of the wise would be left empty. The ascetic thinks of sex as much as the libertine, perhaps more, but thinks of it differently, while the moralist who ignores this ubiquitous force is less wise than the ascetic in his resistance, and quite as foolish as the libertine in his yielding. It would never do to treat a person, man or woman, as thinking like about sex, and therefore "wise," because he condemns it as sin.

Moreover, the great dramatists, with innumerable other artists, would have to be excluded from the category of wise men. They did not leave sex alone; nor did they debase it. In their finest work they were thinking intensely of sex—Sophocles in *Antigone*, Dante in the *Divine Comedy*, Shakespeare in *Othello*, Goethe in *Faust*—and always in

closest intimacy with Death, lifting it, through that connexion, into the highest realms of significance and Beauty, an art which the sex-novelists of our day, in dealing with this mystery, seem to have lost. I suggest that we look to these masters rather than to moralists or scientists for sailing directions on the course education has to steer in navigating the dangerous waters of sex.

On the question of sex there is a sharp conflict of tendencies, a high tension of opposites, which makes it the most difficult, or nearly the most difficult, of all the questions education has to grapple with. But if education neglects it what becomes of its claim to be "a preparation for life"?

On the one hand there is the tendency or frame of mind which regards sex as the spearhead of sin, waging war to subdue it, and which, when the word "immorality" is pronounced, thinks immediately of eating forbidden fruits in the teeming garden of sex passion. This view of it is represented in the New Testament, at least in the earliest and fundamental parts of it, which I take to be the Epistles of St. Paul. Whenever he speaks of sin, and proceeds to characterize its varieties, sex sin seems to be in the forefront of his mind—the *damnosa hereditas* of the "flesh." Whether it was so in the mind of Christ there is not, I think, enough evidence to show, though the few sayings of His which bear upon it—especially those in the story of the woman taken in adultery—are so red-hot that He cannot be accused

of overlooking its significance. At all events the Pauline view of sex as the characteristic source of sin has passed into Christian ethics, softened down, no doubt, but essentially the same. This tendency reached its climax in the ages when virginity was held up as the ideal of the Christian life, a movement of which Dean Inge has given a masterly account in his book, *Christian Ethics and Modern Problems*. It survives in the habit of mind mentioned above, which equates "immorality" with infraction of the sex-law.

Opposed to this is the tendency which regards the sex-force as an indispensable ally in the development of man's highest qualities or in the achievement of his destiny. This is, on the whole, the view of art, to which both the noblest and the feeblest art work of the modern world may be traced. Its first flowering was in the age of chivalry, when it was supported by the worship of the Virgin Mary (which, oddly enough, supported the ascetic tendency opposed to it), its second flowering at the Renaissance, since when it has kept up a running revolt against puritan morality.

The two tendencies agree in their estimate of the sex-force as dangerous. But the first regards it as an implacable enemy to be destroyed, the second as a "beautiful enemy" waiting to be converted into a friend. Our educational practice halts between the two opinions, wistfully inclining to the second, but not daring to turn its back on the first.

In the efforts society has made to bring this tre-

mendous force under control (and art no less than ascetism admits the necessity of doing that), three types of weapon have been employed—taboos, categorical imperatives (such as the Seventh Commandment) and science. Taken in that order they represent a progressive decline in resistance to the sex-enticement. Of the three, taboos have always been the strongest, and are so now in spite of efforts to break them down and of many assertions to the contrary. Science is unquestionably the weakest. Whenever the attempt has been made to bring the sex force under scientific control anarchy has followed, and would have proved fatal had not the taboos been still sufficiently strong to prevent the worst. As to categorical imperatives, they are always a somewhat desperate remedy where sex is concerned, inaudible in the storm of passion and ineffective in its tragedies. But neither singly nor together have the three succeeded in bringing the sex force under control. Taboos may be strong, imperatives desperate and science weak, but the sex force is stronger than all of them together. Each of them is responsible for many catastrophes and much misery. So far as my own observation goes, the miseries which result in this field from submission to taboos, though great in the totality, are small in comparison with those that follow when science begins dabbling in this affair, and claims to take charge of it.

It must be added, however, that most of the science in question is not quite worthy of its name.

Whatever claim it may have to be scientific in the minds that originate it and in the books which expound it for the edification of the married or unmarried, we need to remember that its scientific character becomes considerably attenuated and mixed with other elements in the process of filtering down from the scientist's study to the slums and suburbs, and there getting itself applied to the goings-on of people whose education in self-control has been neglected. In the sex-thunderstorms of youth, moreover, a taboo, with the elemental fears which accompany it, is more likely to prove effective as a lightning conductor than is a reminiscence of scientific counsels. Nor have these counsels, as yet, become very clear. They seem, rather, to be a hotch-potch of scientific fragments, each adapted to some short-dated expediency, but unco-ordinated by any governing conception of the meaning of human life.

What then can education do in this difficult matter?

Of all the methods of dealing with it known to me, the least likely to effect its purpose is that of making sex knowledge a set "subject" of instruction to the young. Such a method would never have occurred to anybody in his senses were it not for the unfortunate idea, referred to above, that education is essentially an affair of "subjects" to be dealt with one by one. At no point, except, perhaps, in religion, has this unfortunate idea led us astray more completely. The most important elements in human education can never be achieved by making them

into "subjects," but only by indirection, and no educator understands his business until he has realized that the chief "objects" at which he is aiming have no place in the list of "subjects" in his time-table. Of this, next to religion, sex is the outstanding instance.

But in refusing to admit it as a subject, it must not be supposed that we dismiss it as an object. A wise educator has it in his mind's eye, but he says as little as possible about it. To suppose that young people will be saved from sex aberrations by "full and frank discussion of sex" seems to me, I must confess, a most dangerous illusion; nor would I care to be in the shoes of the teacher, man or woman, responsible for the "full and frank discussion." Such is the nature of the matter, that all discussion of it, especially with the young, acts by way of suggestion; the "mystery" of it consists partly in that. If "discussion" allays curiosity in one form it stimulates curiosity in another. The youth who has graduated in sex knowledge under the guidance of instructors (who themselves can hardly be exempt from danger) and has the whole "subject," so to speak, by heart, from the fertilization of plants upwards, knows very well that his understanding of what all that means is hopelessly and painfully incomplete until he has brought it to the experimental stage. And the probability is that he will not be long in doing so. He may even be in doubt as to whether his instructors have told him the whole truth about the matter, a point on which youth is always sus-

picious when the moral element is strongly emphasized; in which case he will pass the more quickly to the stage of experiment, by way of finding out whether he has been humbugged or not. In the Latin countries of Europe this rapid advance from the theoretical to the experimental, from sex knowledge to sex practice, would probably be regarded as no great evil, or might even be the object aimed at; but it hardly represents what sex reformers in colder climates have in mind when they propose to make sex knowledge a subject of direct instruction to the young. In giving instruction in other branches of knowledge which profess to be scientific, the need of practical experiment to complete the lesson and drive it home is acknowledged. The pupil must work the sum whose theory has been explained to him, examine the object whose nature has been described, make models and copies of it, try out in the laboratory what he has been taught in the class-room, test his knowledge by field work and so forth. But, in the matter before us, this is precisely the point at which the instructor has to stop short, his object being rather to restrain experiment than to promote it. And the danger is that the blank will get itself filled up sooner than he desires, and in ways he does not desire. He is not dealing with "cold blood" as he is when explaining the properties of oxygen or the process of digestion. He is dealing with hot blood and with blood hot for experiment. He is playing with fire.

The dangers to the teacher need not be elabo-

rated. One statement must suffice. It is difficult to be sincere about sex. Yet, in this matter the faintest suspicion of insincerity, which the young are quick to detect, is fatal to a good result, just as it is in the parallel case of religion.

Turning now to the positive side, I think we get a hint as to the first step in sex-education from the Orphic ritual to which allusion has been made above. I am not suggesting that young people should be whipped till the blood flows at their introduction into the mystery of sex, though worse methods are not unknown. But I think that in three respects at least the Orphic practice betrays a sound principle and gives education a valuable hint.

I think it a sound principle which regards the sex function as nothing less august than a mystery, not in the sense of being unknowable, but as demanding high valour and a regenerated mind in the knower, like the secret of immortality just beyond it; a thing, therefore, utterly misunderstood and certain to be misused when reduced to its lowest elements and exhibited to the young as "a simple and natural process," like the fertilization of plants or the production of a hen's egg. Sound also, in principle, is the sharp reminder, administered by the whip, that men and women, in their sex relations, are not as buttercups, cooing pigeons or stock cattle, but beings whose love-making must be conducted on quite another level. Soundest of all is the care for posterity which these things betray. For it is only by preserving to sex its true character as *mysterium tre-*

mendum, and not by diffusing a cheapened "sex knowledge" among the unwhipped multitudes of pleasure-seekers and C3's, that the high breeding of human beings has any chance of being maintained. Posterity, I imagine, has an interest in *that*. Children born as the residual products of sophisticated sex relations, when grown to adults, make indifferent ancestors.

From hints such as these we may get our general bearings, but no more. Can the course education has to steer be more exactly defined?

In a little book by M. African Spir, *Esquisses de Philosophie critique*, I find some remarks about the nature of man which everyone engaged in the work of education would do well to ponder, especially in regard to the matter before us. The self of a human being, the real "I" of every man, says M. Spir, is completely *empty*, save for one thing—the consciousness of the difference between good and evil, truth and falsehood. We are, so to speak, living touchstones of the two—that and nothing else. Otherwise, "*nous sommes vides par essence.*" We are empty, and being empty, and knowing ourselves to be so, the whole urge of our life is to become full, to fill up the vacant spaces in our being, but always with the touchstone of *le bien* and *le mal* actively at work. All our doings, all our desires, eating and drinking, building houses, amassing wealth, *même l'amour sexuel et l'amour des parents*, are variant forms of the universal effort of man *à remplir ce vide intérieur*—to fill the vacancy within.

Catch a human being in any of his occupations or amusements; catch him bread-winning or soul-saving; catch him playing the man or the fool, the hero or the coward; catch him money-making, war-making, love-making—and ask, what is he doing? He is striving, according to his lights, to *fill up the vacancy within.* He is filling up the empty hour, and the empty hour is—himself. Life is the effort of a being essentially empty (but for one thing), and conscious of his emptiness, to become full.

In the light of this profound conception let us now ask, what is education? Education, we must now say, is nothing else than the guidance of man's effort for fullness of life, *by the application of the touchstone.* What the touchstone reveals is simply the difference between life's enemies and life's friends. Fill your life with *le mal* and you fill it with enemies who will destroy it. Fill it with *le bien* and the house will be built on a rock. In that case it will *last;* in the other it will not. Filled with one or the other it must be. But which? It is for education to answer. Education is training in the pursuit of excellence as the proper filling up of life, the only means of satisfying the hunger of an empty self.

But let us pass from philosophy to life.

Once when I was visiting an institution in America where large numbers of both sexes, all young, were thrown together in the practice of the fine arts, I was moved to ask the founder of it (who was also its soul) how the arrangement worked out. He an-

swered that it worked out well. "In this place," he said, "the current of life runs towards the creation of beauty, and it runs with a high momentum. That is our safeguard. The sex drama goes on, of course, but not in foul channels. The lives of these young people are *too full* and they are too interested in what they are doing to misbehave themselves. On the whole, we find sex a vitalizing force and welcome it as helping our work."

From the last remark we get a clue of the utmost value, leading us in the identical direction indicated by what I have quoted from African Spir. Reflecting on what it means, the task before us gradually shapes itself as follows: *to devise for education a form into which the sex urge of human beings shall enter as a vitalizing element, no longer to be shunned as a poison or bludgeoned as an enemy, but welcomed and given a place among the driving forces of high culture.*

Is such a form of education possible? And if possible, is it desirable? It is clearly possible, and I think it more desirable than any other.

For what in the last analysis does the sex passion connote, and what, in essence, is it? It connotes, and in essence is, the creative urge of nature emerging as a driving force in human life. Find, then, a form of education which rests on the creative principle and aims at creativeness, and the sex force, which no power on earth can break, will be on your side. The whole man is a creator. Educate him in his wholeness as such and the inner vacancy of his be-

ing, which hungers for creation, and can never be satisfied with anything else, will be filled. His worst enemy will become his best friend.

In the education which the vast majority of young people are receiving to-day creativeness has either no place or a place far too small. Most of it is arrested at the acquisition of knowledge (and does not always get even as far as that), with the consequence that the most powerful impulse of their being, the impulse to create, finding little or no outlet in the "subjects" they are taught and meeting only with barriers, warnings and good advice, breaks bounds, and the inner vacancy, left unfilled by the "subjects," proceeds to fill itself otherwise. The undercurrent of pruriency, and the well-known phenomena arising from it which poison the life of so many schools and cause sleepless nights to the schoolmaster, are the concomitants of a system of education which has failed to canalize the creative impulse of the young, and the whoredoms of great cities are a later stage of it. *Corruptis optimi pessima.*

My conclusion is, then, that the "solution of the sex problem," so far as it falls within the province of the educator, lies in an extension of the educational aim beyond the point represented by the acquisition of knowledge to the farther point represented by creative skill. This means, in plainer language, that Art (always understood in its catholic sense as the most excellent doing of whatever needs to be done) must find a larger and a more

central place in educational practice. It means that increased weight must be thrown into awaking and training the sense of beauty, the greatest of our lost inheritances, but the best of all prophylactics against vice, the most vitalizing and uplifting of all the positive motives that interest and actuate the *whole* man.

But we must not expect too much. Do what we will, we shall never be able to secure a fixed pattern for sex conduct, nor to guard it at all points against aberration, madness and catastrophe. We are confronting the ineluctable forces of nature, and our task is to outmanœuvre them at the point where they make their most relentless attack on the young, and not on the young alone. The sex difficulties of youth are great. Yet the force that assails them is not in itself evil, but a good friend in disguise, hostile and destructive only when feeble counsels confront it, but changing over to our side, as all the hostile forces do, when they are met with high valour and quickened intelligence. And that is what education should aim at. We cannot ensure the result of the battle, but we can train the young soldier to fight it in clear air, on high ground and with strong arms. We can do no more. But to do so much is to do a great thing.

I have dealt with the matter only so far as it falls within the province of the professional educator. To discuss it in relation to the duties of parents would be outside the scope of this book. In that connexion much that I have said would need some

qualification. If sex instruction is to be given the parent is unquestionably the best instructor, or ought to be. All depends on the general atmosphere of the home life. If this is devitalized or poisoned, sex instruction in the home is as dangerous as it would be anywhere else.

XI

DEMOCRACY AND CULTURE

AN ADDRESS TO WORKING-MEN

NOBODY in his senses would propose to settle the lines on which children are to be educated by a majority vote of the children. And if the mass of the people happen to be themselves uneducated and ignorant a vote of the parents would hardly give better results. Things were pretty much in that condition in this country when compulsory education was established sixty years ago. At that time the mass of the people, however hungry they may have been for education, were too uneducated to be competent judges of the kind of education they needed. That part of the question, and it is vital, had to be settled over their heads by the people who were supposed to be wiser than they and who were already in possession of such educational machinery as there was.

At the time it could hardly have been settled in any other way. The kind of teaching given was the kind which the existing body of teachers was competent to give, the three R's and the rest, and which the existing machinery was competent to work, a kind of teaching the main lines of which had been

laid down in schools and colleges and universities long before democracy existed in these islands, long before the people had a chance of expressing their will in the matter. If the people had said: "We don't want your history and geography, your classics and your mathematics, and don't care much even about your three R's, but we do want instruction in the arts and crafts of life," the answer would have been: "You can't have that sort of teaching, because no body of teachers exists that could give it, and the State has no machinery adapted for that kind of thing." As it happened the people said little or nothing about it. They accepted the kind of culture, which men of learning had created and the well-to-do part of the community had long enjoyed, as equally suitable for the masses at large. There was no alternative. The State had nothing else to give and the people were not yet awakened to the need of anything else.

There have been great changes since then; all of them tending to bring education more into line with the actual needs of human life as it is now lived by the masses of the people; the process has gone far and will go farther in the future. But so far as I can see hardly any of these changes have originated in the will of the people demanding the change. They have been the work of a comparatively small body of educational reformers and have come down so to speak from above. The people have continued to demand education; they have even demanded that the highest education shall be

made accessible to all classes of the community; but when it becomes the question of what education is, of what shall be taught and how it shall be taught, democracy has not yet made its voice effectively heard and has to content itself with the kind of culture which the educational expert decrees to be the best. Fortunately, our educational experts are much more enlightened and wide-awake and public-spirited than they were. I doubt if there is any body of experts more deserving of public confidence. Had it not been for their labours and the reforms they have carried out, often in the teeth of fierce opposition from reactionary forces, the education of this country to-day would be in a deplorable condition. And they have done something more. It is mainly owing to what they have done that the people themselves are waking up to the immense importance of this thing we call education and are beginning to see the truth of what Plato said long ago, that whoever controls the education of a people controls that people's destiny.

In the United States the connexion between democracy and education is closer than in this country, not always with good results I must say. But you can at least say this for the American people—they have a very lively sense of the importance of education as a decisive factor in the well-being of the community. In the course of a recent visit in connexion with educational affairs, one of many I have paid to that country, I had the honour of a few minutes' conversation with President Hoover,

and I ventured to say to him that education had become the key industry of the United States—a remark from which I am glad to say he did not dissent. It ought to be the key industry of every country.

Let us suppose then that democracy becomes active not only in demanding education in general terms, but in prescribing the particular kind of education that it insists on having. Can any forecast be given of the lines this new demand would take?

Many people think that the effect would be to give the system a decided twist in the direction of what is known as vocational training—the training of young people for the particular trades or other occupations by which they are to earn their livings. This is pretty much what is happening in America —not always, as I have said, with good results. Some of our best educationists are strongly opposed to it on the ground, which I think on the whole is a sound one, that what education should aim at is the *all-round culture of the whole man and not a partial efficiency in a particular occupation.* I have one or two remarks to make about that.

In the first place, there is a sense in which all education ought to be vocational. It ought to train men and women for the grand vocation of human life—the grand vocation of a good citizen. It is a failure if it does not.

In the second place, we must remember, and this is often forgotten, that those very elements in our present system which aim at general culture, the

insistence on the humanities as they are called, the great tradition of the classics—all that was intensely vocational in its origin. It was intended for those whose vocation would be that of the learned professions—in the Church, in the Law—and for those who were likely to become members of Parliament, or political orators. Advocates of the great classical tradition—and it is a great tradition and one which it would be a calamity to lose—need to think twice before hurling the reproach of vocational training at those, who, while they honour that tradition, are yet pleading for something wider. It is a reproach that may easily come back to roost.

Whether vocational training is a good thing or a bad depends on the kind of vocation you are training for. If the vocations themselves are pitched on a low level, if their motives are mean and their objects are sordid, then the education which trains for those vocations will naturally be mean and sordid to correspond. But if the mass of the citizens have a sufficiently high conception of their vocations as workers for the common good, the more directly you train them for that work the more you will be ministering to their all-round culture as human beings. The argument about vocational training all turns upon that.

I believe that things are moving in that direction, towards a higher conception of the citizen's vocation and towards an education fitted to prepare him for it. But I know very well how dangerous it is to indulge in forecasts, especially in a critical matter

like this. It is better to refrain from prophesying what is going to happen and speak only of what one hopes for and aims at. That is what I will do.

Educators or educationists, as they are now commonly called, might be divided into three parties bearing the identical names which distinguish the three great political parties in the State, Conservative, Liberal and Labour, but bearing those names in a strictly educational sense and without any political significance whatsoever. I will endeavour to explain what I mean.

A Conservative in education is a person who stands fast by the old classical tradition; a person who believes that culture consists, as Matthew Arnold defined it, in "getting to know the best that has been thought and said," and who believes in addition that the best that has been thought and said is to be found in the Greek and Latin classics and in the literature and philosophy derived from these. This kind of Conservatism is strongly represented in our older Universities, especially in Oxford, and in our great Public Schools—strongly represented in these places, but not, of course, exclusively.

By a Liberal in education I mean the kind of educator who gives the first place to science and the second place to the classics and humanities. I think I am not wrong in saying that this kind of educational Liberalism is strongly represented in our provincial Universities, in most schools that are

supported by public money, and in Cambridge more than in Oxford.

The Labour man in education is not so easy to define. The important point is not to get him confused with his political counterpart, the Labour man in politics—for the two are not always the same. Perhaps you will not misunderstand me if I describe him as follows: Man in this Universe has two main occupations, the occupation of saving his soul and the occupation of winning his daily bread —of earning his living, as we commonly phrase it. Now the Labour man in education is one who pleads for the closest connexion between those two important occupations—his spiritual interests on the one hand and bread-winning on the other. He is out for a system of education in which the labour of men's bodies and the labour of their minds shall become united and form in their union a grand system for the education of the whole man, body and soul together.

His views at present are often dismissed as quixotic. Many people regard him as a crank. Others dismiss him as an impractical dreamer. Some go the length of calling him mad. But he is not narrow-minded. He is far from despising the old classical tradition of the Conservative, the tradition of the humanities. He has the utmost respect for the science of the Liberal. But he believes that neither the humanities nor the arts will ever flourish as they deserve to flourish until you get a much closer connexion than now exists between the work of society

and the culture of society, between the labour by which men earn their living and the labour by which they cultivate their souls. The fundamental unity of bread-winning and soul-saving would serve, perhaps, as a motto for the Labour Party in education. And now I have to confess that I belong to that party myself—always using the term in its strictly educational sense.

We believe further that there is something in human nature which responds to all this. In every human being who is not mentally defective there is a latent power which, when once it is awakened, can accomplish the most astonishing results. I call it the passion for excellence, and I regard it as the primary object of education in all its stages, from the kindergarten to the university, to awaken and to foster this passion for excellence in human beings, child or man as the case may be. My notion of an ideal system of education is framed on these lines. An ideal system of education, as I conceive it, while doing many other things would do this first and foremost; it would rouse the passion for excellence in all classes of the community, and let it loose like a mighty flood to do its work in every department of labour and in every department of leisure. With this passion for excellence at work in a community I would be content to leave all else on the lap of the gods.

The first effects would be seen, I think, at the leisure end of life and the effect would gradually flow down from that to the labour end. There

seems to be no doubt that the amount of leisure enjoyed by human beings is going to increase; it has increased in the recent past, will increase still more in the future. As it increases we shall find that our social problems will shift their centre of gravity from the labour end towards the leisure end of life. As leisure increases, more and more will come to depend on the way people spend their leisure time; on the quantity and quality of the goods they need to support their pleasures, of the services that are demanded in order to keep them amused and happy.

When we go for our holidays it is always wise to remember that other people who are not on their holidays are kept busy in transporting us from one place to another and supplying us with what we want when we get there. We should find ourselves in a queer fix, for example, if all the people on the roads and the railways were to take a fortnight's holiday just at the moment when we were taking our own. This thing is too obvious to be enlarged upon, though, like so many things that are obvious, it is frequently forgotten.

But what is leisure? If anyone defines leisure as that part of a man's life which he devotes to enjoying himself, or to having a good time, I am the last to quarrel with his definition. There is no question as to our right to enjoy ourselves in our leisure time. That is granted. The question is rather—how far do we succeed in doing so? I have an impression, nay a conviction, that *all of us might enjoy our*

leisure far more than we do if we had been better educated. If we could import into our amusements and our leisure occupations generally something of that passion for excellence which is so necessary in other connexions, I believe the effect would be to increase our enjoyment of leisure enormously. I have tasted many sorts of pleasure in my life, and I will tell you what my experience has been—not because I think it unique or peculiar, but because I believe it to be very common. The pleasures that have given me most satisfaction, the times when I enjoyed myself most completely, were the times when I was exercising some kind of intelligent skill. I am far from counting myself a skilful man, but I have just enough skill to know the enjoyment that comes from it. The pleasures that I have enjoyed most are not those which I bought ready-made on the market, but those that I made for myself by exercising the very modest amount of skill I happen to possess. I believe that all men and women are made that way. And out of that simple experience, which I think is a very common one, there arises a rough-and-ready formula which can be applied to this great question of Education for leisure. No one ought to be considered educated, whether boy or girl, man or woman, until he or she has acquired at least the elements of some sort of skill. There is no better protection against folly and vice. There is no surer road to the real enjoyment of leisure.

I have often said, and I will repeat it here, that

the greatest of our undeveloped national assets, at the present moment, is the skill of the people. Much has been said about making knowledge accessible to all classes of the community. We need to go farther by making skill accessible to all classes of the community. There is no opposition between knowledge and skill. Skill is knowledge in action. Skill, you may say, is knowledge completing itself by doing the thing that it knows. Skill is important for labour—we all acknowledge that. What we have not yet realized as we ought is that skill is equally important, perhaps more important for leisure. The key to this problem of education for leisure lies, I am convinced, in that little word.

In connexion with that there is an important point to which I will now call your attention. I have long been convinced that our existing system of education overvalues the human mind in its relation to the human body. In a sense, of course, the human mind cannot be overvalued, but you can value it in a onesided way which leaves the value of the body undeveloped. There is such a thing as the higher education of the body, as well as the higher education of the mind, and we are only just beginning to realize its importance. It is something quite distinct from what athletics aim at; and goes much farther than any of the matters which the Ministry of Health looks after or which hygiene in general is concerned with—much farther than what we mean when we talk about *mens sana in corpore sano*. It regards the human body as a whole as

capable of being developed by proper training into an instrument of the highest skill, governed by a perfect self-control and exercising a beautiful economy of power which, far from being opposed to mental culture, is itself a mental culture of a most valuable kind, and at the same time a basis from which a yet higher culture can be developed. Immense possibilities are waiting to be realized in this direction.

In this country so far we have heard little more than a rumour of them. We have heard a great deal about hygiene and athletics, but very little about the higher education of the body. In foreign countries, notably in Scandinavia, Germany, Italy and Czecko-Slovakia, the matter is more advanced. The idea that the higher education of the mind and the higher education of the body must go hand in hand, that mind and body must be educated not separately but together as an unitary process, has got a firm hold on leading educators both on the Continent and in the United States. These educators have realized that you cannot graft an A1 culture of the mind on a C3 culture of the body, and instead of leaving the body to the care of hygienists and athletic trainers, they bring it into the sphere of education proper and turn it into an instrument for the development of intelligence and character. Unfortunately, we in this country are still in the grip of a very old tradition which regards mind and body as somehow hitched together in an ill-sorted partnership, the mind a celestial thing and the body

an earth-born and inferior thing which one has to tolerate as best one can. This false idea, however, will not last much longer. We shall come to see, as many see even now, that the being whom we have to educate is always the whole man, body and mind together. When that is generally recognized, the higher education of the body will be made accessible to all classes of the community along with the higher education of the mind—the higher education of the whole man.

XII

ADULT EDUCATION[1]

AN IMMENSE ferment of ideas, whose issue no man can foresee, is going on in the field where the educator does his work. Social thinking, hitherto spread widely and confusedly over the fields of politics and economics, is getting itself more and more focused on education. Our best thinkers are turning attention to it, and thoughtful men everywhere are coming to see that going right in our thinking about education is the beginning of going right in our thinking about the fortunes of society in general.

There can be no doubt that educational practice in general is undergoing a gradual transformation to something widely different from what it now is. And I think it likely that adult education, being less committed to tradition than other parts of the system, will play an important part in bringing these changes to pass. Perhaps the growing point will appear at the adult end. Hitherto we adult educators have been working on principles and methods adapted to the wants of young people at school or college. But we are beginning to find that these methods and principles, however suitable to the

[1] An address to the British Institute of Adult Education, 1929.

early ages for which they are designed, are applicable only on a limited scale to the work we have to do and the people we have to do with. In the education of the adult something is demanded for which the education of the child, as now carried on, does not prepare. If therefore our end of the work in dealing with adults is to be successful, there must be a different kind of preparation for it in the stages which deal with the child and the growing youth.

There is a danger that University Extension may become a watered-down version of the education that is given in the university itself—a noble wine turned into a miserably thin drink by diluting it for popular consumption. Of late years our eyes have been gradually opening to the fact that this kind of beverage appeals only to a very limited section of the adult population, and that there are other ways of educating adults which do appeal to them and which yield far better results. It has been found, for example, both in this country and America that multitudes of adults to whom the offer of book learning through classes and courses of lectures of the academical type makes no appeal are greatly attracted by the offer of any kind of practical skill, and that those who begin in this way by learning to do something significant for themselves, are easily led on to the literature which reveals the great doings of others and to an interest in the things of the spirit in general.

A university which would really extend itself, and continue itself in the life of our adult popula-

tion and permeate our great cities with its influence and ideals, would have to be a rather different type of university from any which is now in existence. And if the universities would have to be different, so would the schools which lead up to them. Happily the schools and the universities are beginning to feel the pressure of our needs. They too are slowly changing, and they are changing in a direction which will give adult education a much better chance of extending and continuing their work than it has had in the past.

As I see the matter, three great changes, all showing influence from the adult end, are now in process. They refer, respectively, to the *place* of education, to the *time* of education and to the *persons* engaged in education.

I. The Place

In our present practice education is a narrowly localized function. The place of it is the school, the college, the university, the class-room, the lecture-hall. We are in one of those places at the present moment, breathing its peculiar atmosphere, and receiving its peculiar inspiration, the Hall of Balliol College in Oxford University. It is no part of our mission as adult educators to abolish either Oxford or Balliol or any other of the places to which I have just referred. We hope, rather, that one of the results of our movement will be to endow them with a new vitality, and a new significance—to mul-

tiply their number, to enlarge their borders and to strengthen their foundations. But, speaking for myself, and perhaps for others also, what we are aiming at is to extend the area of operation from these specialized localities where it is now carried on, until, at the long last, the whole field of human labour in town and in country shall be recognized as the grand place and theatre of education. When that has been accomplished we think that the schools and colleges and universities will flourish as they have never flourished before; that the learners in the class-rooms will be more eager and the teachers more competent.

At present our notions of the place of education are parochial. We adult educators are seeking to universalize them. Our parish is the whole world. In our dream of the future we see every city and every village transformed into a seat of learning and a school of art, and the universities crowned with a new glory as the presiding genii in a vast educational democracy. I do not mean that a schoolmaster will lurk inside every doorway, or that the industry of the world will be run by college professors, or that every citizen when he walks abroad will be shadowed by people professionally engaged to improve his mind. I mean that, in the civilization we adult educators are working for, every place of human activity which is not also a place of education will be marked as having something wrong with it, and those places only regarded as good and

wholesome where men and women are being educated into the fullness of their stature as human beings.

II. The Time

So much then for the place of education as the Adult Movement is beginning to think of it. The next change refers to our notion of the time.

Am I wronging the public when I say that 99 people out of 100 regard education as an *episode* in human life, not of very long duration, and professionally conducted as long as it lasts? Many are in favour of lengthening the period, by raising the school age and by creating ladders which lead up to the universities. But even in the quarters where these reforms are advocated, education is still treated as a terminable episode. Just as our notions of place confine the scene of education to the localized institutions where the schoolmaster and the professor do their work, so our notions of time confine it to a few years when the pupil frequents those places, longer or shorter as the period may be.

In accordance with this conception our present practice is to educate the pupil up to a certain point, perhaps the point when he wins an honours degree in the university; which done, we turn him loose on the world, hoping he will make the best of what we have taught him, and giving him much paternal advice to that effect at our graduation exercises,

but all the time taking big risks that his subsequent contacts with the world will undo what we have done, that much of it will presently be unlearnt, forgotten, misapplied or perhaps not applied at all.

I am familiar with the argument on the other side. I could repeat and endorse all that is commonly said about the effect which a liberal education leaves on a man for life, even when there are no visible signs of it; but, when allowance has been made for all that, is it not still true that a large part of the labour we bestow on episodic education is wasted; wasted in the sense that leads on to little or nothing and bears no fruit commensurate with the effort it has cost?

We educators are not being backed up, as we need to be, by the influence of the world into which we turn our pupils loose after we have done with them. Too often we have the tragic experience of seeing our work progressively *undone* by influences in the great world which act in a direction opposite to the goals we have been aiming at during the brief episode of our pupils' education.

I count this the most discouraging aspect of episodic education. The results do not *last* as they should do. There is a want of continuity between the lines on which we are working in schools and colleges and the great currents of the civilization on which our pupils are carried away the moment we turn them loose. What is the use of telling us, as we are so often told, that our business is to prepare

young people for life, if the life for which we are preparing them begins to thwart our laborious preparations from the moment it is entered on? Our time-thinking faculty needs to be applied to the matter. This question of lastingness, of continuity, needs to be pressed.

And that, unless I am much mistaken, is precisely what the Adult Movement is doing. We are raising the *time* aspect of the question. We are pleading for lastingness, for continuity. We are pleading that education shall no longer be treated as an episode, limited to the few years while the pupil is at school or college, but as a *sustained* process that goes on, that continues to the farthest limits of adult activity.

This is a revolutionary proposal, the full meaning of which has hardly been realized as yet even by its warmest advocates. As it sinks into the public mind, as I think it will, the effects of it will be seen at every stage of our educational system from the lowest to the highest. Nothing will be tolerated as education which *stops short*, which ends in a blind alley, which leads on to nothing beyond itself. Even in dealing with young children we shall remember that we are starting them on a long journey every stage of which leads up to another; and, remembering that, the start will be very different from what it would be, and what it too often is, when education is regarded as an episode, professionally conducted for a few years, and then sud-

denly terminated when the pupil receives his leaving certificate or his degree.

III. The Persons

I pass on to the third and the greatest of the changes involved in adult education: a change which affects our notion of the *persons* by whom education is carried on.

Education is a process with two ends—the teacher's and the learner's. Our object as educators is not merely to get things *taught* but to get them *learnt*, to get them assimilated, to get them remembered and, above all, to get them acted upon. The essence of continuity lies in that—in the unbroken sequence between the teacher's effort to impart instruction and the learner's response in translating it into life.

Now it is a great weakness, both in our theory and practice, that the teacher's end of this process, which of course is immensely important, gets rather more attention than it should, while the learner's end gets less. Or perhaps we think of the teacher's end to-day, and the learner's end next week, whereas we ought to think of both *at the same time*, viewing the entire process of education as a joint operation between teacher and learner, in which neither of them can effect his purpose unless the contribution of the other is forthcoming.

The same point might be otherwise expressed. We think too much about the "subjects" of educa-

tion and too little about its "objects." There is a well-known metaphysical doctrine that a subject without an object is an unthinkable absurdity. That doctrine has a vital application in the field of educational practice. If, at any time, we find ourselves teaching a "subject" which has no "object," we may be quite sure that we are wasting our labour on something that is fundamentally unreal and unprofitable. Nothing can be more absurd than to educate a human being as though he were a pure "mind" or disembodied spirit actuated only by the love of knowledge for its own sake, irrespective of its application in life.

I am not preaching utilitarianism. Our object need not be utilitarian at all; but an object of some sort our subject must certainly have if the work we bestow upon it is to bear fruit. I would go further. A teacher who teaches a subject without knowing the *object* for which he is teaching it, is ill-equipped for the business he has taken in hand. Yet how often is that the case! How many teachers have I seen appointed in my time merely on the ground that "they knew their subjects"! They certainly ought to know them. But they ought to know something more. They ought to know the *objects* to which their subjects correspond. The subjects lie at the teacher's end: the objects at the learner's. "No subject without an object"—I give you that as the most important maxim of educational practice that I know of.

Does that mean vocational training? In a sense

it does; but a sense that no educator can refuse to admit, either in Oxford or elsewhere. There is no form of education whatsoever but has to be justified in the long run by its bearing on the grand vocation of human life. I have heard a great deal of preaching in my time about the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake; but I have yet to meet the man who practised what he preached. Examine him closely, and you will always find that he has an object in view, an object for his subject—the salvation of his soul, if no other. My quarrel with vocational training is not based on its being vocational, *but on its not being vocational enough*—parochially vocational instead of universally so. The very studies that are held up in contrast to the vocational kind, the classics and the humanities, were intensely vocational in their origin, and are so still, though their object has changed. Even the most narrow-minded vocationalist, the man, I mean, who looks upon education as a means to earning money in some particular calling, deserves a little credit for having an object for his subject, and for knowing what his object is. It will be a happy day for the cause of education when the advocates of a liberal culture are as wise in their day and generation as he is in his. The children of light have still something to learn from the children of this world. A man who is nothing but a student is a poor creature. A man who is nothing but a wage-earner, or a money-maker, is a poorer creature still. Cannot the two functions of saving one's soul and earning one's

living be combined in a way that would clothe them both in a new and higher significance? It was said of old, "Make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." Never was a wiser saying uttered; never a firmer outline laid down for sound educational policy.[1]

All this has a bearing on the question we have now to consider. On whose shoulders does the work of education rest? Who are the persons to carry it on? How is the teaching body to be constituted?

In an age when specialization is being carried to a fine point in every walk of life, it is not surprising that teaching has become a highly specialized profession. Specialization is necessary and inevitable and certain to go on. As the technique of education becomes more refined, the need for the specialized training of the teacher will increase; and, to put it plainly, the teacher who lacks such a training will find it more and more difficult to get a job. All that is to be welcomed. At the same time, the dangers attending specialization are very great.

The chief of them lies in a false attitude on the side of the teaching class to the rest of the community. We may come to think of "the masses" as so much raw material waiting to be operated on educationally by the expert teacher. This is one of the delusions that arise when we think about education with a disproportionate emphasis on the teach-

[1] Nothing is more detestable, in certain expositions of Christianity, than the effort to dodge the force of this tremendous saying, or to water it down into something meaningless.

er's end. Nor are we professional teachers the only people who suffer from it. "The masses" in general are only too apt to take the raw material view of themselves. In so doing they reveal a very inadequate conception of the part they themselves have to play in the educational drama—and a drama is precisely what education is.

Take the need of continuity, for example, the transforming of education from a passing episode to a sustained process—the central idea of the Adult Movement. We are not going to succeed in that if the mass of our fellow-citizens wait passively for professional educators to operate upon them. We are not going to succeed in getting continuity if the public fails to back us up. We need the active co-operation of employers of labour, of producers of goods and services, of bankers and financiers, of lawyers and doctors, of home-makers, and of workers of all grades in every branch of industry. Until all these, or at least a sufficient part of them, are willing to include the educational function as an integral part of their own citizenship, more important perhaps than even their political rights—until that happens, there is no hope, that I can see, of real continuity in education.

"What," you will say, "are all men to become schoolmasters or professors?" In one sense, no; in another, yes. If you think of education as exclusively an affair of classes, courses of lectures and book learning, if your notion of its place is limited to class-rooms, schools and college buildings, and

of its time to the brief periods when young people attend these places—in that case what I am asking for is patently absurd. But if your idea of education includes the whole process of making good citizens—and I do not see how you can be content with anything less—then it is pretty plain that we are in the presence of a great social enterprise, which can never be accomplished without the active and continuous co-operation of the people themselves in all the centres of their activity. Looked at from that point of view, the absurdity is all on the other side. A public which expects of us professionals that we shall turn young people into good citizens by what we teach them in our schools and colleges, but itself does nothing to *keep* them good citizens, after we have turned them out, and often undoes a great part of what we have done in a few years after we have done it—such a public is obviously expecting an absurd and impossible thing. Everybody must be willing to pull his weight as an educator.

There is something of which everybody can be a professor. He can be a professor of good citizenship—not by giving lectures on "Civics," but in quite another way. He can be a professor of excellence, of high quality in the goods he makes, or the services he sells. He can be a professor of ideal bargains between man and man. He can be a professor of efficiency, of competence, or trusteeship—all of them great "subjects" with "objects" to correspond.

That is the kind of backing we professionals must

have if our work as adult educators is to bear fruit. We want more from our great industrialists than gifts of money to the cause—though we are not ungrateful for them. We want their active co-operation in the work of education itself. We want them to turn those big businesses of theirs into schools of excellence for themselves and for their employés. I happen to know of more than one, both in this country and in America, who are actually doing it —Professors of Excellence, the greatest "subject" in the Universe with the greatest "object" in front of it, the building of a regenerated humanity.

Not many months ago I had the opportunity of addressing a large company of the leading business men in the city of Washington. I was there to plead the cause of adult education. I said to my audience pretty much what I have just said here, and I was never more encouraged in my life than when the President of a Chamber of Commerce came to me afterwards and said, "By God, that's a sound idea." "There is no reason," he added, "why every factory in the country should not become an educational centre."

I believe, at least I hope, that the Adult Movement will develop on lines that we are already familiar with in the history of democracy. There was a time when government was the affair of a special class, the rest of the community being treated as mere rank and file—rulers on one side, subjects on the other—a state of things which has an inter-

esting analogy with the limited view of education as an operation performed by specialists on a passive multitude. In politics we have outgrown all that. We no longer regard the mass of the citizens as rank and file to be ordered about by a class of professional rulers. In a democratic State the people create the government which they obey, every citizen having the double function of governing and obeying. Is it too much to hope that a parallel change is in store for our ideas of education and our practice of it? Is it absurd to dream of a time when every citizen shall regard himself as having the double function of teacher and learner—a teacher of excellence on the lines of his vocation and learner of it from the excellent performance of other men on theirs? I think it *not* absurd. I look forward to an educational democracy founded on that basis.